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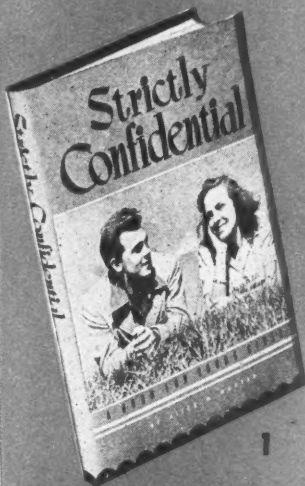
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AUGUST, 1945

• THE CHURCH MUST DO IT! *By Gov. Martin of Penn.*

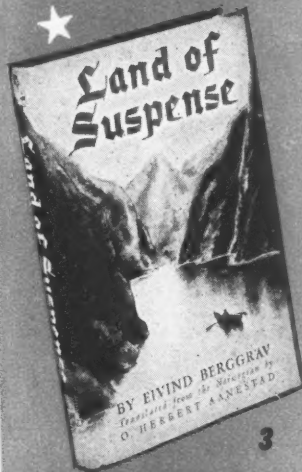
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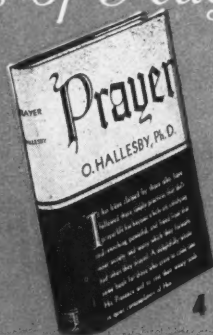
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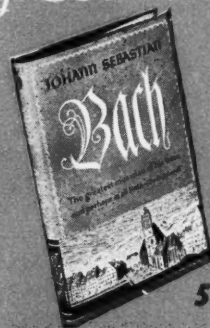
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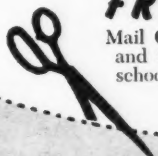
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A DIGEST OF THE
MONTH'S THINKING

IN PROPORTION as the Church loses its power to dictate, it must enlarge its power to educate. *Arthur E. Holt*

* * *

MONEY is an instrument that can buy you everything but happiness and pay your fare to every place but heaven. *London "Tidbits"*

* * *

IT IS very easy to say that we must reconvert Germany, but in practice it will be very difficult. It is ludicrous to say that victors can send to Germany missionaries to undertake the task. It must be done by the Germans themselves.

The Archbishop of York

* * *

THE time is ripe for the Church to recognize that women are just as likely to be well educated in matters practical and ecclesiastical as men, and just as capable of representing a constituency. *"The Living Church"*

* * *

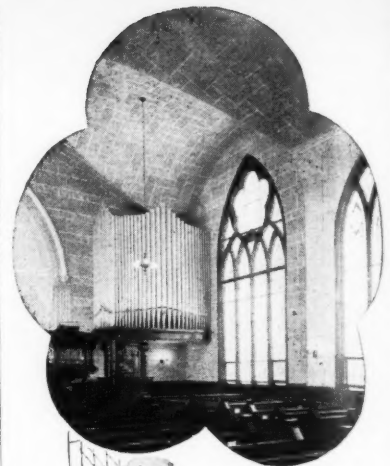
WE ARE not prepared for peace. The people are confused. They feel, because Germany is . . . defeated, that with victory fascism will also be over. But fascism is a way of life, a force, a germ. Fascism is right here within our own gate, suppressed for the time being but still here. It will emerge with the peace. *Newbold Morris.*

* * *

IF I were preaching today to fundamentalists, I would lay this heavily upon their consciences. All this Biblical literalism, this insistence on the peccadilloes of tradition, this sectarian provincialism within the Church, this belated theology, is a travesty of what Christ's Gospel ought to mean in such a day as this. I am speaking, however, not so much to fundamentalists as to liberals, and we too have sinned. For a long generation we have been engaged in simplifying the Gospel, in saying to the intellectually perplexed, "You need not believe *this* to be a Christian and you need not believe *that*." We have pared down the Gospel, shrunk and reduced it until in our churches, preachers have sometimes seemed to be playing a game to see how little a man can believe and still be a Christian.

Harry Emerson Fosdick,
in "A Great Time To Be Alive"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AUG. 1945 • PAGE 2



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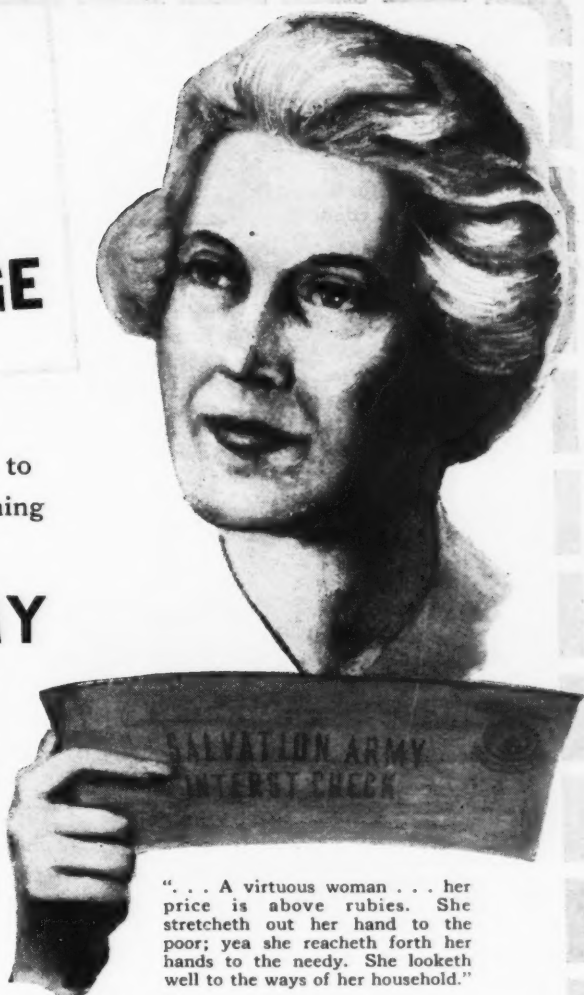
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CHRISTIAN Herald

AUGUST, 1945

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DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

In our community a delinquent boy escaped being disciplined because a minister, testifying in his behalf, gave the lad a good character. But the minister knew little if anything about the boy, who was paroled to a local businessman. Now a thief is turned loose. Will God hold the minister responsible for his testimony, or are preachers exempt?

Answer:

Preachers are not exempt and God holds preachers as well as others "responsible." But reading the letter in which this question appears, I am inclined to the opinion that paroling the boy to a responsible businessman was far better than sending him to a prison or to a reformatory. He seems to be a first offender—and he is a boy. Under the circumstances I give the preacher the nod.

Question:

I am very critical of strikes and strikers, particularly of strike leaders, but one cannot deny that John L. Lewis does get results! Is not his success the answer to his critics?

Answer:

Any answer to this question will raise differences of opinion, but recently I had my attention called to the following facts. The average hourly wage in steel in September, 1939, while Mr. Lewis was still CIO president, was 76c. The average wage in bituminous mines was higher—89c—and in anthracite mines it was 92c. Through the war period, Lewis has been in controversy with the War Labor Board. It is alleged that he was the first important labor leader to repudiate the no-strike pledge.

In the meantime, Philip Murray, who succeeded Lewis as president of the CIO, has been working with and through the War Labor Board, rather than by strikes.

By November, 1944, Murray had quietly raised the average hourly earnings in steel until they were above the miners' average! Here's the record: Bituminous coal miners: \$1.164; Anthracite miners: \$1.156; Steel: \$1.17. This would indicate that cooperation and the non-strike method, for the war at least, have produced better results than strikes and the threat to strike.

Question:

My religious faith is so simple that at times I am ashamed of it! I am the graduate of a proud university, have an earned doctor's degree and would, I suppose, be regarded as an intellectual. Nevertheless, while I believe in practical Christianity and try to support it, the personal Gospel has my first interest. Should I be ashamed?

Answer:

My best answer for this question comes from another "intellectual" who is also the graduate of a "proud university"—George Wharton Pepper, former United States Senator, a distinguished lawyer and publicist. In his book, "A Philadelphia Lawyer," he has written:

I reckon among the blessings of my life the preservation of a simple faith. Had I been endowed with greater intellectual powers or had I been less fortunate in my early training or if for action I had substituted a habit of speculation, I might have been tossed hither and thither by the winds of strange doctrine. In that event I should have lost the faith of my childhood and gained nothing in exchange. There is something tragic in the spectacle of a man of intellect who has no fixed religious beliefs and rather wistfully confesses his longing for them . . . As time sweeps on and comrades fall away and vital energy wanes those who wholeheartedly accept the Christian philosophy of life,

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

no matter how imperfectly their beliefs are translated into action, should be profoundly grateful for an unspeakable blessing . . . As shadows lengthen and your cheek feels the evening damp it is a great thing to be able to say with calm assurance: "I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come."

Question:

My son-in-law is on an L.S.T. ship and has no regular chaplain. Have not those men on smaller ships the same spiritual needs as men on larger vessels? There are little country churches where ministers preach regularly. Why could not many of these younger ministers be sent to these smaller ships?

Answer:

Certainly the spiritual needs of men on smaller ships are not less than the needs of their more fortunate brothers, but the problems of the fleet and the shortage of chaplains unite to make the practical difference. I am glad that again and again the men themselves organize religious services and conduct Bible classes. Also an earnest effort is made to give them the guidance of a chaplain when they return to their bases. Right now there is a desperate need for additional younger chaplains and I earnestly hope that some of the men referred to in this question will enlist without delay. The need is quite as great as the question suggests.

Question:

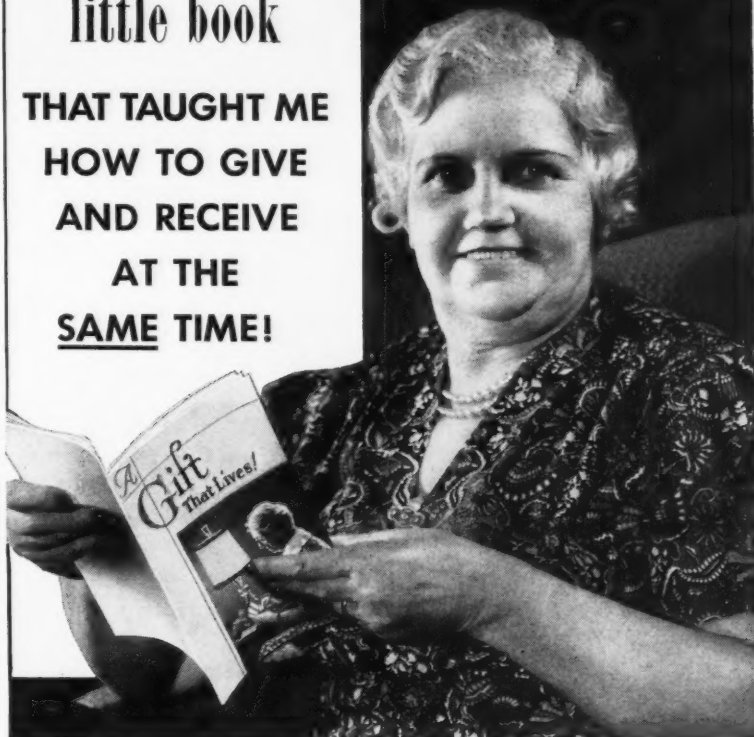
In "Our Sunday Visitor," for April 22, appears an article quoting a number of Protestant leaders under the title, "Their Own Leaders Their Chief Critics." You were quoted therein as having stated at a Christian Endeavor convention: "Organized religion has failed. We have tried every other way, every other leader. We've almost wrecked man." The reference to you then concludes: "When Dr. Poling said that organized religion had failed, he implied that the churches had failed—and he had Protestantism in mind." Were you correctly quoted?

Answer:

Without intent, I am sure, I was incorrectly quoted because I was not fully quoted. In the same address I also said that the Church is an institution at once human and divine, that in its earthly aspects it could be as weak as humans, but that at last and always it is as strong as God and can not fail. I said that Jesus Christ alone has the solution for the world's problems, that all others and that all else has failed. I did not imply that Protestant churches more than any others had failed. I said "organized religion," and that means all organizations of religion.

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City of New York
Department of Welfare

May 23rd, 1945

Dear Madam:

We are interested in the possibility of a vacation at your camp for Charles Carson, an 11 year old boy, who lives with his mother at the above address. Both Mrs. C and Charles are very anxious for this opportunity, since Charles has never had a vacation in the country.

Thank you for your consideration.

Yours truly,

Asst Case Supervisor

★ ★ ★

AN eleven year old boy who has never been in the country! Who has known nothing but crowded tenement streets through the long summers when life is almost unbearable. The street pavements are like ovens, their airless tenement rooms worse for little fresh air reaches them. Their fire escapes offer small relief for they are hemmed in by buildings too close by.

There are too many children who have never been to the country—too many who have never seen a cow and chickens except in a butcher shop. Too many who do not know the peace and beauty of great fields and woods. Think of growing to man- and womanhood without knowing of such things.

How little children survive the dreadful things done to them in the name of poverty, it is hard to understand. Never properly fed, exposed to disease through filth and bodily neglect, their only escape from their stifling rooms being the crowded slum streets, their only real chance for better living depending on the interest and sympathy of charity-giving people.

Will you let us take Charles away from the heat of the city? Will you let him and other children who have never been to the country come to Mont Lawn where they can play on soft, lovely grass under great shade trees? Will you do that for little children who through no fault of their own pay the penalty of having been born to poor parents?

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME
419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Please send Charles to the country, every child should have a vacation from poverty and the city.

Name

Address



DIGEST OF THE MONTH

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

AT HOME

IKE: We watched General Eisenhower ride down Fifth Avenue and take a bow to four million New Yorkers who cheered him as they have never cheered any other homecoming hero. We stood on the curb, as close to Ike as anyone got that day, and we had a good full look at him. He looked not much like a hero. He had no swagger; he struck no pose. He smiled and waved at the crowds as naturally as a boy. His face was flushed a fiery red—like a big boy embarrassed by a sudden flood of compliments, not knowing quite what to do about it, quite what to say.

That's Eisenhower's charm. Fame hasn't ruined him. He is still a modest farm boy from Kansas, and the whole country loves that. We hope the love will endure for a long time to come, but when we read of what's ahead for Ike, we wonder . . . It is an open secret that he is to succeed General Marshall as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, when Marshall retires after the war with Japan. Waiting for that, General Eisenhower will serve a short term as head of American occupation troops in Europe—a term which can't last very long, in any event. Then the word is that he will play an important part in winning public support for certain new military and international policies. For instance—in maintaining a strong Army, Navy and Air Force; in combining the War and Navy Departments into one department; in securing and developing former Japanese bases for U. S. use; in boosting a world security organization; and in advocating compulsory military training.

Now all these ideas are packed with dynamite—dangerous for a new hero to



General Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower in a jubilant mood for his homecoming.

touch! There is certain to be determined opposition, a bitter opposition that will not stop to think of heroes' deeds.

Somehow, we don't just like General Eisenhower in that position.

DEMobilizing: Mere days after "Ike" took his bow on Fifth Avenue, the *Queen Mary* reached New York with an unbelievable 14,000 soldiers and sailors aboard. Most of the 14,000 were destined for demobilization; a few were to be reassigned. It's getting to be an old story with us on the East Coast: we have discharged servicemen aplenty.

We hear occasional complaints. The Navy men, and the Marines, are complaining that Army men with terms of service shorter than their own, are being let out while leathernecks and sailors are kept in. It isn't doing their morale any good, but there doesn't seem to be any

thing that can be done about it. The Army has more men than it needs. But the Navy, with the huge Pacific to conquer, still needs every sailor and Marine it can get. Some few Navy men over 42 are getting out, but not many.

Our "inside information" leads us to believe that: Army men over 40 will soon be discharged on their own request; the number of points necessary for discharge will be reduced from the present 85 to 80; officers will have little chance for discharge; technicians and specialists (engineers, mechanics, radio men, etc) will be kept in until the very end of the Pacific fracas; former war prisoners are probably through with combat; WACs in this country will be discharged soon if they have the necessary 44 points, but WACs in Europe will not.

That's the way it looks now.

JOBS: The drive for "60 million jobs," in charge of Secretary Wallace

and pushed by both friends and enemies of Wallace, is being taken more seriously in Washington now than ever. The sneering and the skepticism have died down; all concerned realize that something must be done, *now*, to forestall widespread post-war unemployment.

What they really mean by "60 million jobs" is a 5-year plan to boost business and industrial production. High employment and good business are Siamese twins; you never get one without the other. So—the government will go all-out to encourage and help business, which is something new under our recent political sun.

This is a new attitude for government—an attitude that has been encouraged by the President. It was not *born* with Mr. Truman; it started developing just as the war began. The iron-clad New Dealers were barking up the wrong tree

when they fought business, and they knew it. They changed their tune. Mr. Truman will change it still more. He is definitely pro-business.

There are no final plans as yet. What Congress will do will probably be to pass such legislation as is needed from year to year, as markets and incomes develop. It is not hoped or expected that Congress or the businessmen will be able to beat unemployment entirely; the important thing is that government and business will move *together* to hold it down.

deceit absolutely alien to the American way of thinking. Americans like a man, even a politician, to be on the level. We don't trust liars.

We may be lucky, at that, that this has happened now. It gives us an idea of what we would be in for if these people ever got into power!

SENATE: Returning from San Francisco, Senator Vandenberg said he got much more in the charter than he expected to get. In Washington, Senator

stand for world peace. If he is, there will be something worse than confusion.

These are important questions—but they are no more important, no more impossible of collective solution, than were some of the questions faced at San Francisco. It will take a little courage and a little originality on the part of the Senators: it will also call for a break with some ancient Senatorial ideas as to procedure. There may come a sharp break with some Senate tradition. We hope so! Business, commerce, transportation, society, morals, even *religion* is expected to change. Why shouldn't the Senate?

But whether the Senate does it via the old traditional procedures, or by some radically new one, *it must be done*. A generation of children whose fathers fought this war will be led to the slaughter if it is not done. Their blood will be on the Senate's hands.



Crawford in The Newark Evening News

"HE WILL BE AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR"

OLD LINE: The Communist Party in this country executes a sharp about-face; Earl Browder has been fired, and veteran William Z. Foster takes over the party leadership. The Communists will conveniently forget the line they pursued all through the war. They will no longer cooperate with democracy. That's old stuff to them, now. They return to world revolution.

The sparks will begin to fly soon. President Truman will be denounced by the Communists for "not following the Roosevelt policies," which of course is blatant nonsense. There will be a definite split between Communists and left-wing Democrats; we believe there will come a bad split in the CIO, with the radicals becoming more radical than ever, and with a considerable number of CIO men turning to the A. F. of L.

From the standpoint of the American political ideal, all this is interesting. Here is a political party saying definitely in time of war that its old policy (world revolution) is dead and done for; no more of that; they were all-of-a-sudden Democrats! But the minute the war is over, they give the lie to that, and return to the old line. If that isn't downright falsehood, then we have forgotten what those words mean. It is a brand of

La Follette said in cagey language that he was ready to support a world organization operating on a majority-rule principle and guaranteeing U. S. sovereignty. But that gruff old isolationist Burton K. Wheeler muttered in his beard that "it would be a mistake for the Senate to vote on San Francisco until after the peace conference has been held."

San Francisco tosses the charter in the Senate's lap, and says, "Now it's up to you." San Francisco, as we said last month, did a great job—in spite of all those gloomy ones who, it seemed, *wanted* the Conference to fail! To the Senate now falls responsibility for the peace of the next hundred years.

There are those in the Senate who feel that the upper house should be no more hasty than San Francisco: that the Senate should "study all the angles" and take its time. There are others publicly anxious (as the President is) to have the United States sign first, and set the example for all the world. Some want long debate over the question of the veto; some say they want the trusteeship formula cleared up. And still others want to know if the American delegate on the Security Council is to be forced to go to the Senate every time this country tries, through the Council, to take a

UNDERGROUND: The Nazis have gone underground. Only a blind, deaf and dumb super-optimist believes the Nazi is crushed and done for. Eddy Gilmore, writing from Berlin, tells us this:

"I was walking alone . . . when a young German of 17 or 18 rode up on a bicycle. 'Pardon me,' he said in passable English, 'are you British or American?'"

"'American,' I told him . . . He looked around him in a guarded way, then he said, 'We have just finished a war with the Russians, and you will have a war with them, too.' He talked on and on. It was the old Nazi line, the same one the Germans had used during the war. A Red Army officer appeared down the street. 'So long,' said the young German. 'See you in the next war.' I have talked to about fifty Germans in Berlin, and most of them are quick to argue that Germany was not to blame for the war. Condemning Hitler publicly is very popular . . . The Germans wait mechanically for your applause for saying nasty things about their former Fuehrer . . ."

Newspapers the same day reported that sixteen Nazis had been arrested by American Military Government officials for operating an underground "provisional" government, and fourteen Hitler Youth graduates of a sabotage school were sentenced to prison terms up to ten years.

It will take a lot of education to correct that.

RUSSIANS: Sometimes it seems to us that too many Americans have made it the cherished dream of their lives to get this country into a shooting war with Russia. And it seems to us that something ought to be done about it.

If we heard it once we heard it a hundred times, during the San Francisco Conference: "The Russians are running the whole show. They're asking everything and giving nothing, and we're a lot of chumps, for giving them what they want." And then out come the newspapers telling us that Russia has given way on the most crucial question faced at San Francisco—the veto question—and also on the Polish question! A cock-tail-soldier who never got into a uniform whispers that "there is bad blood between the Russian and American soldiers . . ." and then General Ike says right out loud that there is absolutely no reason at all for discord between the Russians and the Americans in Germany—and he ought to know! Another says, "The Russians will murder those sixteen Poles!" And Russia doesn't execute a single one of the sixteen!

Now we learn that a very definite offer of a separate peace was made to Russia by the Germans, when the Germans realized they could not win against Russia, at about the time of Stalingrad. And the Russians turned the offer down cold. They even refused to send a delegate to meet German agents in Sweden, to talk it over. Stop and think of what that meant, to a Russia bled almost white. How many Russian lives might have been saved by a separate peace? How many Soviet villages might have been spared? But—the Russian wouldn't even meet the Nazi to talk it over!

Think about that, carefully, next time you are inclined to say "The Russians are running the whole show." Even if that were true, she might have a good reason for trying to run it—which she isn't. Russia today is more suspicious than domineering. She doesn't trust anybody. She has just seen her country burned and despoiled; that experience is detrimental to cooperation, either in a man or a nation. Russia resents criticism of the Soviet in U. S. newspapers, while she criticizes the U. S. mercilessly in her own. But it is an obstacle in international relations not impossible of conquering. Molotov at San Francisco faced huge batteries of newspapermen, day after day, saw his interviews interpreted variously in American newspapers, and gave more interviews!

If that happened with the Russians in California, it can happen with the Russians in Moscow. We've come a long ways, in establishing friendly relations between these two countries; let's go the second mile now, and really understand each other!

TRIALS: The war criminals are about to face the music. While final organization of the various courts which will try them is not yet complete, it begins to look as though there would be three different courts working at once. To wit:

1. An International Tribunal, which will try the major criminals—Herman Goering, Joachim Von Ribbentrop, etc. This court—if the proposal of the United States is accepted—will be made up of representatives from the United States, Britain and Russia.

2. National Courts will hear cases against men whose crimes affected the people of a single nation.

3. Military Courts will try those charged with the murder, torture and starvation of American and British prisoners of war.

All in all, more than 4,000 German war criminals are now listed by the United Nations War Crimes Commission—but this may be only the beginning. If Supreme Court Justice Jack-

"CHRISTIAN HERALD PRESENTS . . ."

"They Knew God," a new series of radio programs based on the actual experiences of Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who as a chaplain and accredited war correspondent has made five overseas trips to all the war theaters. Heard are the stories of men, who fighting in darkness, were guided by a light that brought new meaning to their living. They found God.

At present the series is carried by the following stations: WPAG, Ann Arbor, Mich.; KYW, Philadelphia; WFBM, Indianapolis; KSL, Salt Lake City; KGKO, Dallas, Tex.; WINN, Louisville, Ky.; WOW, Omaha, Neb.; WLW, Cincinnati; WCAX, Burlington, Vt. Consult your local newspaper for time.

These broadcasts are available in recorded form. Does your local station have them?

son's proposal that the Gestapo and SS were criminal conspiracies of themselves, then any man in either of those two groups becomes automatically subject to trial. This can mean hundreds of thousands of trials! Then there is Russia, which so far has declined to join the War Crimes Commission. If the trials of the sixteen Poles is indicative, then the Soviet may be planning to go her own way and stage her own trials. The British, however, think that will not happen.

The trials will be short. Court-martial procedure is to be used, which means that much, much red tape will be cut and thrown away before the judges sit down on the first case. And if the trials get under way before too much time elapses, the penalties will be stiff. Von Ribbentrop stated the case for the criminals when he told his captors that he hoped to hide out long enough for the excitement to quiet down—after which he might expect a *fairer* trial!

CHURCH NEWS

NEIMOELLER: Said a perfectly good clergyman to us the other day: "I've lost all confidence in Neimoeller. Do you know that he actually offered to serve in a German submarine, during the war? And now he tells us flatly that the Germans will not accept democracy."

The clergyman is right. Pastor Neimoeller has made both statements. And we wonder why the brother gets so excited about it. The German pastor offered to help his country in a war. So what? It is as though an American in this country, completely at odds with his government (as some millions of Americans have been, for some years) offered to go to war for his country when danger threatened. We see nothing so startling about Martin Neimoeller's patriotism, when you look at it that way. (Do you remember that Edith Cavell once said, "Patriotism is not enough"?)

Pastor Neimoeller also knows whereof he speaks when he says that the Germans will not accept democracy—that their background and philosophy stand opposed to the democratic way. And he's right again. Why blame him for saying this? Scores of American scholars have said the same thing about the Germans, long since.

One further angle of the Neimoeller dispute interests us. We must remember that this man never broke *completely* with his Nazi governors; he opposed them only when they demanded his soul. That, he said, he could not give them; it belonged to his God. But there is nothing on record to prove that he was active in any underground, or that he moved in any direction to overthrow the regime. He was and is a good German. Being that, real pathos is added to the words he wrote recently for a reporter of Religious News Service:

"My impression is that nothing is left in the innermost soul of my people, and that this poorness surpasses all physical suffering. We Christians have our share in this affliction. We lost our sons and daughters, our homes, our fortunes, our freedom and our chances for the future. But we lost no ideal. On the contrary, we have gained something that is not small. We have found that God does not fail us, and that therefore our faith does not let us down. We do not question God's love, despite the graves, ruins and crimes, and therefore we will try to hand this love over to our people, in order to fill their empty souls."

TRAVEL: The Office of Defense Transportation, to date, insists that travel limitations be maintained upon church and religious groups. Some Churches defy the ODT, and hold their conventions and meetings as they please. Others obey, wondering what it's all



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A happy scene that was made possible by the Allied victory in Europe and one that will be repeated for some time to come. Five Michigan veterans leave the Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Separation Center, discharged under the Army point-card system.

about, anyway.

We wonder about something else in this dismal picture. Just why is it that the dog- and horse-racing tracks in this country were allowed to open, when Church conventions of tremendous importance were told to stay closed? Horses are moved on railroads, or in gas-consuming and tire-consuming trucks—and a horse takes a lot of room and a lot of gas. Are the ponies a war essential? Are the dogs who chase the imitation rabbit around a track better morale-builders than, say, the Northern Baptist Convention?

What does go on here, anyway, ODT?

PROPORTIONS: We listened the other night, over the radio, to a reporter's description of Independence, Missouri. A native was boasting to the reporter of the town's achievements; he told the newspaperman proudly, "We're pretty proud of our churches. Got thirty-two of them, or *one church for every six hundred people!*" Meaning no slight to the people of Independence, we wonder if they are *all* proud of that, or whether they would like fewer churches with more people in them?

But when we got down to some serious checking, we discovered that Independence isn't really so bad, after all. In 1936, in this country, there was one rural church for every 300 people! Two out of three of our Protestant churches are rural churches—which means two-thirds of our churches for forty percent of the population! The rural folks don't just like it; they have set a standard of one church for every 1,000 of the population, and they're shooting at that.

RESOLUTION: We don't think much of the average church resolution; it is too quickly pushed aside and forgotten. Not one in a million ever accomplish anything. But in our mail this week comes this one, from the Pasadena Community Church of Pasadena, Florida. Read it carefully:

"Whereas, the present world has plunged the human race into a situation which has demanded unity among the Allied Nations . . . Whereas our representative world leaders . . . have expressed general agreement that the nations of the earth must unite in order to win and maintain peace; therefore, be it resolved that we the members of Pasadena Community Church do hereby urge our denominational leaders to take advantage of the present opportunity to discontinue all competitive and overlapping missionary efforts and that the Church give a demonstration of worldwide unity by establishing Christian Missions in their place. Be it further resolved that effort be made to enlist the active cooperation of all other denominations . . . toward this end."

Three long cheers! It's about time we had language like that in the Church. Now if the leaders of the Church will only have the good sense to take that resolution seriously, and not try to smile it off, we may move a step nearer to really intelligent missionary organization.

FOXHOLES: Chaplain Lewis A. Myers, writing in the *Arkansas Baptist*, claims that foxholes do *not* make Christians. Says he, bluntly: "In load after load of returning soldiers (the chaplain is a

transport chaplain) . . . we find eighty percent of them listen to the Gospel with more skepticism than they ever revealed previously; eighty percent of them stay away from religious services, altogether, with less scruples; eighty percent of them curse more and with a finesse unbelievable; eighty percent of them gamble with more avidity and defend it with more vigor, and finally eighty percent of them find it difficult to hold an extended conversation without defaming womankind, even though unintentionally.

"The principle is that foxholes are not valid agents for making Christians, for destroying atheists or for driving men to God or even closer to Him. It is admitted, of course, that some men, suddenly left without adequate physical defense and under great fear, have thrown themselves upon God's mercy, promising and actually keeping faith that they would thereafter give diligence to Christian service in exchange for preservation of health or life. But that group is not, relatively, larger in the military than is found back home in normal civil life.

"If you desire a man to come out of a foxhole with something, you had better send him in with something . . . We should understand now, before the great discharge of soldiers begins, that foxholes are not now doing, and never will do, the work of our Christian institutions."

We need that kind of language, too!

TEMPERANCE

CIGARETTES: A New York cigarette manufacturer recently conducted a survey to find out who was smoking the most cigarettes in this country. He found out that women were smoking sixty-nine percent of the total civilian supply.

He also learned that the average smoker throws away half of every cigarette he (or she) smokes. This he found by a study of smoking habits in war-plant cafeterias, restrooms, movie houses, open theatres, restaurants, athletic fields and arenas.

It's quite a business. A business that thrives on a product that's not used, but thrown into the gutter. And it's quite an intelligence that pays fancy prices for something it throws away.

FOOD: The beermen are forever telling us that "beer is a food"—and they say that, because "beer contains yeast." Yeast vitamins, they say. What they fail to tell us is that the process of making beer involves *elimination* of the yeast; beer is carefully filtered to get the yeast out, for if it stayed in, the beer wouldn't taste right—wouldn't sell.

What a Business!

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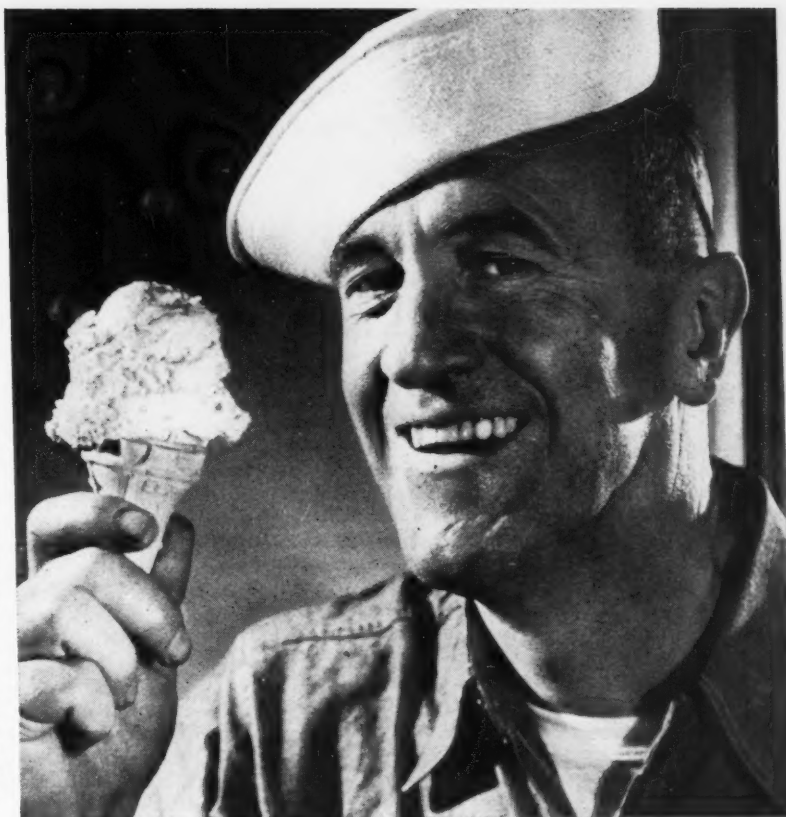
So you'll eat better



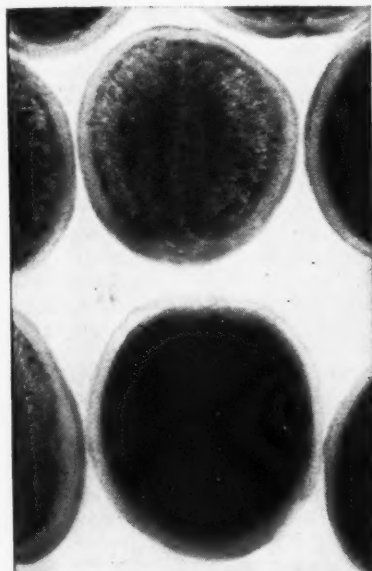
MORE FOOD from farms where electric-ity is a "hired hand" . . . milking cows, pumping water, churning, grinding, increasing egg laying.

Earlier, better crops from electric hot-beds. Stronger, healthier calves . . . when treated with ultraviolet. Better oranges . . . with an x-ray playing "policeman" to toss out any below-standard orange. Food kept better . . . with electric refrigeration. And better cooking . . . with all those electric kitchen helpers you treasure.

Of course General Electric isn't really in the food business. But you can hardly find a farm, a factory, or a home where G-E research and engineering haven't helped get things done better. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



"Floating drugstore" feeds 2,000 sailors. Ice cream aplenty on battlewagons and most combat ships is now made on new type equipment recently developed by the Bureau of Ships, Bastian Blessing Company (who built the freezers and cabinets), and General Electric (who built the refrigeration equipment).



Which is the good orange? By inspecting oranges with G-E x-ray fluoroscopic units after severe frost, California and Arizona citrus growers salvaged millions of good oranges that would have been condemned by other methods. (The unfrozen orange is the dark one at the bottom of the picture.)

★



Ultraviolet for calves. Ultraviolet lamps make calves grow faster, healthier. Laying hens and baby chicks are also helped by such G-E lamps. Scientists and engineers at General Electric have devised electrical equipment to do dozens of different farm jobs from corn shelling to soil sterilizing.



Vitamin detective. Nutrition expert Dr. Jennie McIntosh works on experiment to determine best way to retain vitamins in cooked foods. This is one important project of G. E.'s Consumers Institute. Discoveries are made public, and also are used to improve G-E kitchen appliances.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today news*, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY — BUY AND HOLD VICTORY BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CHRISTIAN Herald

»»»»»»»»»» AUGUST, 1945

IS THE SUNDAY SCHOOL "DEAD"?

DURING February this year, while with the Third Army in Luxembourg, I met Chaplain George R. Metcalf. Before his promotion to General Patton's headquarters, Chaplain Metcalf served with advanced combat troops. On the afternoon that we visited the historic Bastogne area, he told me of how again and again men who had received even a minimum of religious instruction had something with which to meet the battle ordeal that other men did not have. He said, "I have often been ashamed of the little we have given, but out here even that little has been justified ten thousand times. What these men have learned even haphazardly in some little Sunday school has served and saved their very souls in action."

That should send America back to the Sunday school!—send America back to make this minimum, which has had its ministry for men at war, a maximum for winning the peace.

But it is affirmed and church statistics generally support the affirmation, that for a decade and longer Sunday-school attendance has steadily decreased.* Many reasons are alleged for the condition and causes are variously defined. Recently Wesner Fallaw, former dean of men at Furman College and a minister of religious education, wrote a thoughtful article, "Now for the School of the Church," in *Christian Century*. He is of the opinion that there must be a complete reversal of method, that family life has been "secularized" and "increasingly fragmented," and that facing the new situation the Church "needs to propagate its gospel first among family and all adult church groups and then among children." He affirms that this is a complete reversal of method.

He believes, too, that modern religious education, with all its advances, has never been "notably successful" and for the reason that it is "child-centered and not family-centered." Parents are the problem, he tells us. Parents and the adult body generally must be educated and he has some searching things to say about conversion and faith. His indictment or admonition is applied equally to "even the deacons." He calls for a revival of theology, but for a curriculum that is definitely social, too.

Dr. Fallaw concludes that if the Church cannot educate adult groups within its membership and Christianize so small a unit as the family, then there will be no Christian social order.

We are deeply impressed by this author, but defi-

*The "Watchman-Examiner" has given the following figures for Sunday-school losses in the past decade: Northern Baptist, 14%; Episcopalian, 19%; Disciples, 12%; Lutheran, 9%; Methodist, 13%; Presbyterian, 19%; Congregational, 20%.



nately we do not agree when he concludes, "The Sunday school is dead." Nor do we believe that adult education should be substituted for child education, or even that the order of emphasis should be reversed. Rather here is a two-in-one program and the emphases should be made, enriched and promoted together. We should continue to educate the child even when parents refuse to be educated or remain indifferent to our program; through the children we may still hope to reach these parents and the adult group generally.

From time to time, CHRISTIAN HERALD will release stories of successful Sunday schools. There are so many of these it is difficult to make our selections; space restrictions will exclude some of the finest.

From these stories it is apparent that decreasing Sunday-school attendance is not the malady of intensely evangelical and evangelistic groups and churches. Here at least, conservative theology has a clear advantage over liberal theology and the "Bible belt" of the South and West are less afflicted than some of our so-called "cultural" areas. We have gone far enough with our studies to justify the affirmation that scholarship is not enough, that equipment, time extension and trained leadership, while in themselves "good" and even "better," are definitely not "best."

Years ago in Channing Pollock's "The Fool," the leading character, a clergyman, when asked by a crippled child whether God would cure her if she prayed and believed, replied, "Yes—if you believe *hard enough*." Christian education today is too frequently without the faith that believes *hard enough*. Beyond this, our Protestant divisions and widening schisms work against the success of a program that registers its greatest advances in unity.

The Sunday-school associations of the Marion Lawrence days, with their mass conventions and evangelistic fervor, were the finest demonstrations of Protestant unity yet known. All the gains achieved by other plans and organizations have not compensated for the tragic losses sustained in putting too great a trust in "religious education" and in promoting a super sense of denominational life and loyalty.

The Protestant Sunday school or church school has suffered from the same malady of separatism and division that continues to affect our Protestant faith. Recently in a widely read article, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has manfully and constructively gone to the heart of the matter. While we may not agree with all that he has written, the tragic facts of our religious life confirm his basic conclusion. Both faith and works, a faith in God and Christ rising above forms and creeds though not disregarding them, and works in which our Protestant churches achieve a dynamic unity transcending all differences, are directly involved in our Sunday-school problem—and that problem is the problem of the Protestant Church.

Daniel A. Poling

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ EDITOR ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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By William L. Stidger

ONE freezing February morning, while I was a student in theological school, I was walking down Mount Vernon Street in Boston. Just ahead of me walked a lady who must have weighed 250 pounds. The sidewalk was a smear of ice, and I found myself watching her with a strange fascination, wondering when it was going to happen. It happened on the next corner. Her feet flew out from under her as though someone had knocked them out with a pole, and she hit the sidewalk with a thump that must have been heard in Peking.

I was young and gallant in those days, so I rushed over to help her up. She glowered up at me, most uncivilly, straightened her hat on her head as I took hold of her arms and started to lift. (I weighed 130, myself.) She was about

"THE HOME-COMING YANK IS NO PSYCHOLOGICAL CASE. HE IS THE SAME BOY WHO WENT AWAY. HE HASN'T REALLY CHANGED MUCH, EXCEPT THAT HE HAS MATURED FASTER THAN HE NORMALLY WOULD. ALL HE WANTS TO DO IS TO SLIP QUIETLY BACK INTO THE OLD FAMILIAR GROOVES OF LIFE."

halfway up when her feet slipped again. So did mine. We went down together in a heap, and I heard somebody laugh.

I struggled out from under her, brushed myself off and tried it again. I looked up to see several of my seminary friends watching the performance; possessed of the Old Nick, not one of them offered to help. I got hold of her the second time, got her three-quarters of the way up and—swish! Down we went again. This time I fell on top of her, which was some comfort.

By that time there were fifteen people looking on. And by that time the fat

lady was madder than the proverbial wet hen. She looked at me with an expression of outraged dignity I shall never be able to put into words, and she said, "If this young man would only go away and leave me alone, I think I could get up by myself!" I went away from there, fast.

I have thought of that a good many times since then, and I am thinking about it more than ever in these days when we are all waiting for Johnny to come marching home, and when we are all planning feverishly what we are going to do to "rehabilitate" him. Everybody

is talking about it, and every other one of us is writing about it. There are already more than fifty books on the subject; there are magazine articles galore; there are sermons being preached everywhere. I have a suggestion to make, if you don't mind: *Let's leave them alone!*

The homecoming Yank is no gnome, pixie or nut. He is the same boy who went away. He hasn't really changed much, except that he has matured faster than he normally would. And except for the definite hospital cases, he is no Psychological Case. All he wants is to slip quietly back into the old familiar grooves of life—to drink sodas at the corner drugstore, go to baseball games, get back to his church and his lodge, his noonday lunch club, his friends. He wants to marry the girl and settle down to a little decent living. He doesn't want to be looked upon as a visitor from Mars, or a superman, or a hero.

I heard this illustrated poignantly over the radio the other night, on the "We The People" broadcast. There was a young fellow on that show telling how he lost his leg in the South Pacific, and the interviewer said to him, "I suppose that put quite a crimp in your spirits, didn't it, son?"

The soldier replied, "Yes, it did. You see, I had planned on becoming a professional ball-player."

"Bad as that?" asked the interviewer, sympathetically.

"Not so bad," said the youngster. "Yesterday I signed up to pitch this season for the Washington 'Senators.' I can run the bases with my artificial leg only four seconds slower than the average player. I can pitch as well as ever. I'm grateful to the 'Senators' for signing me up. That's all I want—a chance! It's all any of us want. We don't want to be treated like a lot of freaks. We just want jobs that we can handle. We want to make our own way."

Just for good measure, he added: "You know, they have one boy in the big leagues who has only one arm, and he can field and hit with the best of them."

The boy's experience impresses me: I am also impressed by the imagination and good sense of the Washington "Senators" in giving him his chance as a "pro." My guess is that the American public will respond; aside from good spirit, this is good box-office!

Just the other day I had a letter from a woman who was once a member of a church I served in Detroit; she is now engaged in one of the most effective services to returned soldiers that I have seen or heard of. Edith Keffer noticed that there was a sad dearth of living-quarters for the wives and friends and families of the sick and injured soldiers in the Valley Forge Hospital. So she rented a big house, furnished it and invited the friends, wives and families to come in. Today she has nineteen people

in her home. She writes me:

"In one room we have a Major Smith and his wife. He's Air Force—flew P-38's in the Pacific area. He's in the hospital for eye treatment. The doctors don't seem to be able to do much for him, and he is afraid he will go blind. But such courage! He is full of life and fun, and never a complaint; his wife is so happy to have him home again that she says they're 'living in Paradise.' The other morning he told us about the first Japanese plane he shot down:

"'Honest, I was scared stiff. Thought I was yellow. I didn't want to lead my squadron. Not that I was afraid to die, but I kept thinking of Jean, and gosh, I wanted to *live*. But I talked with the



Triumph over a seemingly insuperable handicap. Pete Gray, the much publicized one-armed big-league outfielder.

fellows who were my same age, and who were going up there with me, and I found out they all felt the same way. Misery loves company; after that I didn't feel so badly about it. I felt that there would be—Someone up there with us. You get to feel that. You just *know* Someone is there, helping."

Said Mrs. Keffer to the major, "Depending on God and yourself! That's a good combination, Major."

"I'll say it is," said he. "God and yourself. That's first. After that all I want is for Jean and I to be left alone for a year or so to enjoy ourselves. We don't ask for any special favors from anybody. The Government is going to do decently enough by us; we know that. I'll have a pension until I'm able to work, and they'll even help me through college if I decide I want to go."

Mrs. Keffer told me about another blind boy who came over on the *Gripsholm* after being a prisoner of war in Germany for more than a year. He was

so full of shrapnel that they were still taking pieces of it out of him after a year's time. Mrs. Keffer said:

"He is amazing! He's been blind for six months; he is always laughing, he never gripes about himself, and he says he wishes all solicitous people would go 'way back and sit down where he'd never see them again. Last Friday he had his first tour around the town. The boys are taken downtown, you know, and taught to find their way to the buses, USO, churches and restaurants. And was he pleased with himself! I happened to bump into him, with his instructor, and he was doing fine. He lives with us and his young wife is here, too. He goes upstairs three steps at a time, comes down to the kitchen for breakfast, and never bumps into anything. He handles his knife and fork as well as any of us.

"His wife is a dream. She works in a local laboratory where they make penicillin, rushes home after work to change her dress, won't even wait for a cup of tea before she tears off to the hospital for visiting hours; then she comes scampering back to wash out a few clothes, sleep and get up again at 6:30. Week-ends, he comes here. They go to the movies every Saturday night (she describes them to him) and to church every Sunday morning. They are an inspiration to everybody they meet! And we've learned one thing from them, and the other nineteen in our house. We've learned to mind our own business, and leave them mind theirs."

I stumbled into the Union Station in Washington one night, going south; I turned over two heavy bags to a husky Negro porter with a sigh of relief; by nature, I'm a very lazy man. I followed the porter through the station, and suddenly, out on the concourse, I saw not one but five soldiers in uniform walking ahead of me. They walked on crutches, all five of them. And every one of them was carrying his own bag. I stopped the porter:

"Give me my bags, and go over and carry theirs."

He looked at me in amazement, and then he showed a mouthful of bright gold teeth in a broad grin. "Not me, Mister. It's plain to see you don't know nothin' 'bout these crippled soldiers. They'd knock me colder'n a mackerel if I was to try to get them bags away from 'em. They're funny that way. I'd get my hair cracked wid one o' them crutches, an' I don' aim to get dat. We'd all be willin' to carry their bags for nothin', but we've learned not to ask, in this station. They're an independent lot, they is. Independent as a hog on ice. . ."

That was my first experience with veterans on crutches. They walked in single file through that crowded station, laughing and yelling at people to get out of

(Continued on page 52)

The Church must do it!

BY
THE HON. EDWARD MARTIN

Governor of Pennsylvania



THE most important thing in the world of today and in the world of tomorrow is the work of the Church.

We are living in the most tragic period of all human history. Millions have died needlessly. The accumulated property of centuries, the cathedrals, great churches, ancient monuments, the architectural glories of the world, the work of men's hands over generations, lie shattered. Deception and intrigue are undermining human faith. A generation of the world's best manpower is being destroyed.

With millions still joined in battle, with other millions living in greed, hate and intemperance, this weary, war-battered world faces an enormous job in the decade after the war. A job that *must* be done.

To do it, we must have good will toward men. In all sincerity, devoutness and holiness, we must teach men to live right, act honorably, and to obey the laws of God and man. And we must start with America.

Now, our America is a great land—a land made great by freedom, devotion and hard work. These three attributes have given us the highest living standards ever known to men; they have given us the will to do. They have given us the urge to help our less fortunate brothers 'round the world, and the bread cast upon the waters of the world by our foreign missions and hospitals in times past comes back to us now in good will and understanding.

Aye, America is a great and fortunate land. But we have our tragic faults, and as the war ends we should, with confidence, faith and understanding, consider our sins and shortcomings. Out of our great industrial successes has come a desire for easy

living. Politicians are urging us to take the easy way. They want us to forget that the way of the faithful is a *hard* way. We have forgotten to keep the faith. We praise our great free enterprise system, yet we find industry trying to kill competition. Labor preaches freedom of action, but labor does not practice it. Agriculture believes in independence, while demanding subsidies from the Government to maintain price levels.

We want our neighbor to obey the Ten Commandments, but we reserve to ourselves the freedom to violate those Commandments that restrict us. While our men fight, we loaf on the job and spend our money in the black market. In 1944 we spent more money for liquor than in any previous year of our history. In hundreds of our home communities, gambling, chiseling and law evasions are ignored or condoned. Such actions have no place in a country that has been fighting for its life. They can be stamped out by an aroused citizenship—with the *help of the Church.*

That is the way, and the only way, to make us an even greater and better America. If we do it, then justice becomes more than an outward force; it will rise from the spirit of the people themselves. We *must* work for a better understanding, toward a clearer and greater faith.

That is the first step on the long road into the future, because faith in ourselves, faith in others and above all, faith in God are the foundations of our religious belief. When we have that great faith in others, good will follows as night follows day, and with it comes an understanding on which we can base a permanent peace for all the earth.

There is no other way!

By LEIGH
MITCHELL
HODGES

ONE winter day sixty-two years ago, a young divinity student landed at the fishing village of Frenchboro, on Outer Long Island, off the coast of Maine. Alexander MacDonald, sturdy and Scotch, had come to teach the one-room school.

It was lonely—not only at Frenchboro, but on all the habited spots in the chain of some 3000 islands that form a little world of their own along Maine's jig-saw coastline. Often in winter the smacks and dories were frozen in for weeks, and the mail boat frozen out. There was no getting in touch with the mainland or neighboring islands; no way to call a doctor or nurse, however needed, and food and medicines might be running low. Even in summer, storms sometimes halted urgent errands. There were no phone cables, such as run now to some of the larger islands, and no radios. And a sorry lack of the body and soul benefits launched later on by this Alexander MacDonald!

Most Maine folk, but few elsewhere, know what changes he set going along this waterway. I chanced on it lately, while talking with a Seal Harbor minister, in whose study I admired an old-time chair.

"Bought it from the *Sunbeam*," he said.

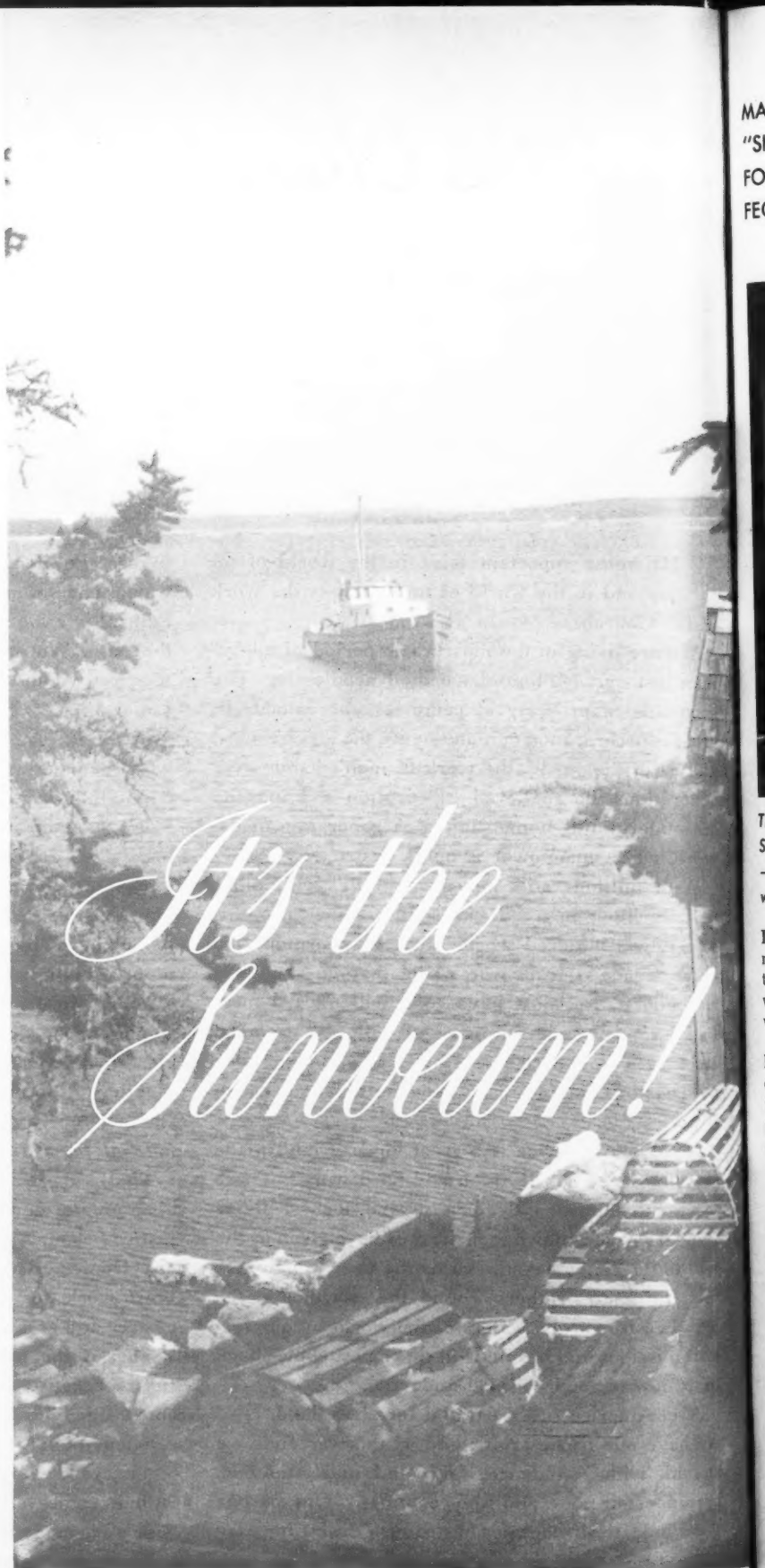
"Queer name for a shop!"

"It's not a shop. It's a boat."

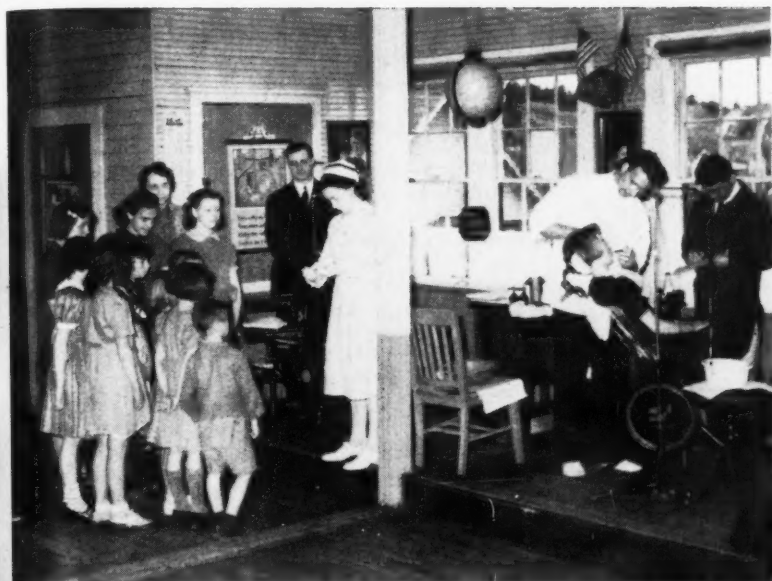
"A boat dealing in antiques?"

"One that deals in 'most everything, from salvation to second-hand sewing machines. It also takes around doctors, nurses and teachers to serve the people on our islands and headlands. It's the fifth in a line of floating Good Samaritans set going forty years ago, to look after the needs of the soul in these isolated spots. But now the work has grown to be as manysided as life itself, and the *Sunbeam* is about the busiest little boat in the world. She's over at Northeast for the day. Maybe you'd like to see her."

I said I would, but first I learned all I could about MacDonald. He made the Last Harbor twenty-four years ago; literally wore himself out. After being ordained, he had gone to California as a missionary, but the call of the Maine coast kept sounding in his heart, and later on he came back to take two churches, on Mount Desert and the Cranberry Isles. One diamond of a day, according to local legend, he and his brother Angus, who had a pastorate in



ONE OLD ISLANDER OF
MAINE'S RUGGED SEA COAST SAID THIS OF THE "SUNBEAM":
"SHE JUST KEEPS COMIN' ALONG, BRINGIN' TH' FIXIN'S
FOR BEIN' BORN, LIVIN', DYIN' AN' BURYIN'." AND THAT'S A PER-
FECT DESCRIPTION OF THIS STAUNCH LITTLE MISSIONARY BOAT.



The "Sunbeam" and some of the activities of the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society. Left: The boat at anchor off one of the 3000 islands on the Maine coast—its parish. Above: One of the clinics run by the Society. One day, 119 teeth were pulled and 175 filled! Below: The "Sunbeam" gets ready for a furniture sale.

Bar Harbor, were standing on the summit of Mount Desert's Cadillac Mountain, looking out on the islands. For a while they were silent, then—"Angus! what a parish!"

Alexander MacDonald had come to know how these scattered people were denied the comforts of religion—most of the settlements were too small to support a church, and visiting preachers seldom got around. "Something must be done about it!" he said, and his brother agreed. Being practical Scots, they asked dollars from summer visitors and local residents; borrowed enough more to buy a little second-hand sloop; named it the *Hope*; named themselves and their friends the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society, and in June, 1903, sent out Henry White, a layman, on a report cruise.

The news he brought back some weeks later caused Alexander to resign his charges for this strangest of parishes, strung out 200 miles in salt water that can smile like a child, under a summer sun, and in winter lash about like a mad beast.

Most of the islands off the Maine



coast are mere jettings of granite, but more than a hundred are lived on: communities ranging from one or two houses to tidy villages, with little farms here and there, and many a flock of sheep. Like all who face the sea, the people

are a hardy lot; mostly descended from early English settlers lured by true tales of this fabulous fishing ground. For more than two centuries they've combed the waters for lobsters, cod, herring, mackerel, halibut and haddock; lumbered for pulpwood, or quarried granite. But fishing remains their chief business. It's a hard way of making a living, with many risks, but these men and women are anchored to it, so to speak, by tradition and inheritance; held fast as much by winter's challenge as by summer's briefer charms.

When MacDonald started his sea-coast mission (still unique in this country) he raised more than a few doubts—in other people's minds. "Some of us thought the mere size of the job would 'get' him," said an old Bar Harborite to me. "But there was no halting such a dynamo—why, he'd head into a storm just as most of us'd walk into the next room!"

He believed in faith and works as Siamese twins, and his first weeks of sailing around showed him the need for a lot of works. He found too-few schools and churches; too-few opportunities for pleasures and recreation; too great a lack of skilled care in time of sickness or tragedy; too many homes that needed repair and brightening up. These material needs, most evident in the tiny, farthest-out neighborhoods, added many new items to the *Hope's* original cargo of Bibles and hymnbooks, and before long it became clear that the sailboat was too small and uncertain for the widening work. A power-boat was needed, but power-boats come high, and funds were meagre.

"I'll give you my *Virginia*," said the late Bishop Mackay-Smith of Pennsylvania, then summering on Mount Desert. MacDonald re-named it the *Morning Star*, and for four years it shed many a beam of help and good cheer among the

islands that make up this biggest water-parish. On its manifest always the Gospel was first, but it took along tools, toys and food as well as Testaments. It carried crutches, wheelchairs and discarded parlor organs, and sometimes lumber for houses that needed mending. The seafaring pastor himself would help nail on the planks, and once he turned in and built a brand-new cottage for a poor widow who lived in a shack.

He helped build chapels and school-houses, and he could put his strong arms to other uses. Once, while preaching in a quarrymen's boarding house on Head Harbor Island, he was heckled several times by a big fellow who seemed to want to break up the meeting, and wouldn't be silenced. Pausing in his sermon, MacDonald walked over to the hefty stoneworker, suggested that he

The *Morning Star*, hard-pressed by growing demands, had begun to fade out, as it were. There was need for a new boat. "Have one built, and send me the bill," said Mrs. John S. Kennedy, a summer cottager from New York. While this was on the ways in Camden, N. J. MacDonald one day clambered up a lighthouse rock, for a pastoral call, and to leave a bundle of magazines. During the visit he told of the new boat.

"What you goin' to name her?" asked the keeper's little daughter.

"Haven't decided yet."

"I'd like *Sunbeam*," said the child. And that it was, and still is, even to the present third *Sunbeam*—which cost \$40,000, and was paid for by 600 children and grown-ups whose contributions ranged from dimes to a check for \$5000.

It was this streamlined *Sunbeam* I

we'll be out for some time. Had to bring in an appendix case from Swans last night, and must make Frenchboro this evening for a service. Even in peacetime, winter puts on the pressure, and war has brought new problems, and much extra work for us. The armed services and mainland war industries have taken nearly all our younger men and women, and the older ones and the children have to carry on as best they can. Many who helped with social and welfare programs have gone, and a lot of storekeepers have had to close up."

I had noticed the big white crosses painted on both bows and on the deck-house roof. "So the sea and air patrols can easily recognize us," Bousfield explained. "Except for warships and other government craft, we're one of the few 'free pliers' east of Portland. Of course, our two-way radiophone and our mile-long searchlight are sealed, but we have permission to break the seals in case of emergency. So far we've managed pretty well, though night calls and storms are different propositions now. There's plenty of granite ledges in these waters."

Within, the *Sunbeam* is as trim and tidy as a New England kitchen, as complete as an old sailor's kit. Her saloon can house a small prayer meeting or a clinic; her folding mess table seats eight, and her galley equipment is snuggled into a space no bigger than one of Aunt Mary's closets. There are ample quarters for the sky-pilot and the crew of captain, engineer and cook, and space for the no-end-of-things carried back and forth, and from island to island.

Long before MacDonald and his brother passed on, the Mission had become an institution which attracted the interest and financial help of summer and year-round residents alike, and its boat soon became an indispensable part of life in the islands. When sighted from any one of the 164 spots it touched last year, on its annual 10,000-mile round, whoever first sees it shouts "It's the *Sunbeam*!"

There'll be prayers, preaching and singing in a little church, or, more likely, some fisherman's home. There'll be visits to the sick, the blind, and those too old and feeble to come out. The cargo may include a doctor or a nurse, or someone brought back from a mainland hospital—such carryings to and fro are frequent. If the harbor is ice-bound, there'll be mail for the first time in many days—the ice-breaking *Sunbeam* substituting for Uncle Sam.

Ready and willing at all times, the Mission vessel helps the war effort as well as her parishioners. Here's a sample entry in her log:

"Damariscotta calling. River there is blocked with ice, and a new transport is ready. Government dares not risk its one
(Continued on page 41)



The bronze prow-shield of the "*Sunbeam*" can cut through 10-inch ice as if it were so much snow. For months in the winter, the missionary boat is the only contact many islanders have with the mainland. It brings soul and body needs.

might profit from "a little praying outside," and hove him through a window!

He paid no attention to denominational lines, a pattern still followed by the Mission, which now offers its services to some 1600 families whose religious and economic status covers a wide range. Here and there among the islands are fine old houses, reminiscent of clipper days and the China trade. But most of the dwellings are of plain sort, and fishing huts abound.

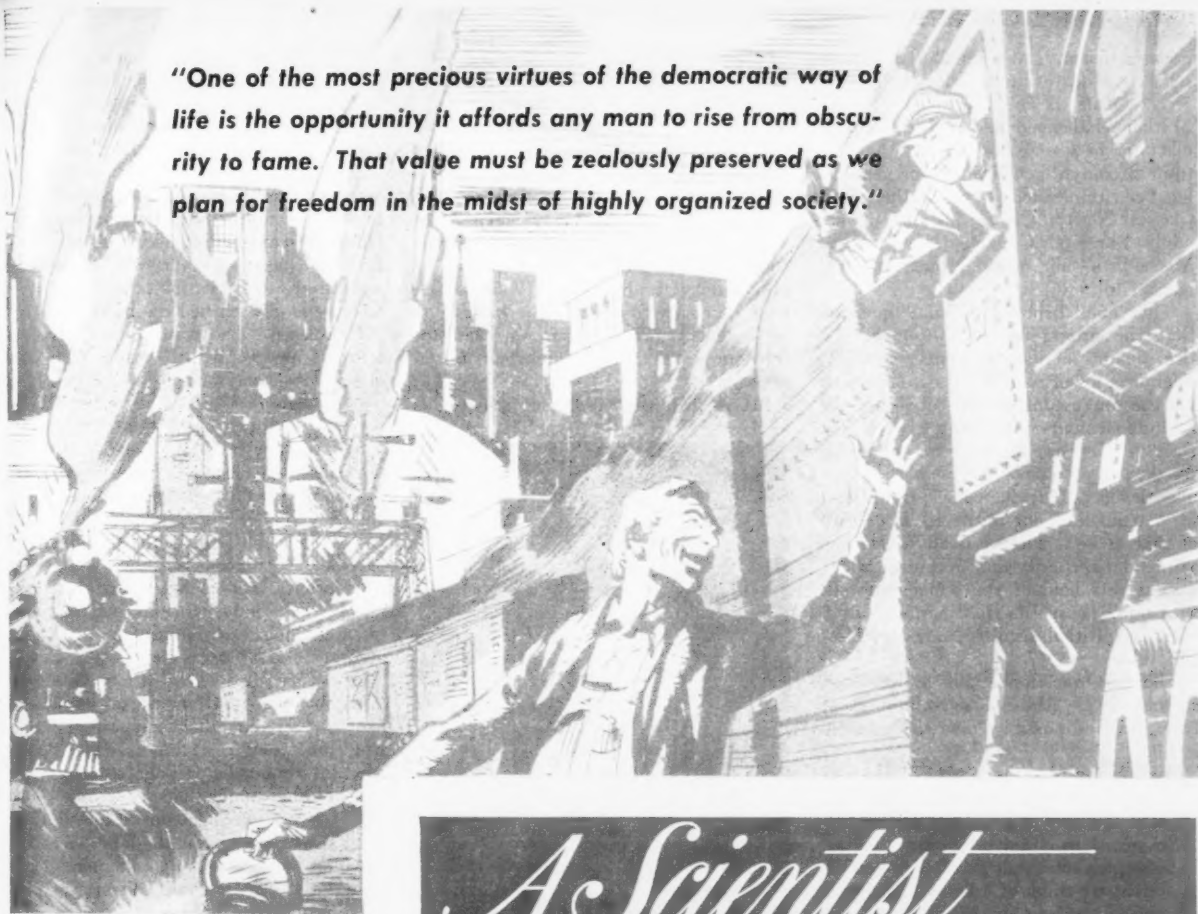
And there are the lighthouses, fifty-four of them, for this is a dangerous coast. From the start, MacDonald made a special point of the lighthouses, loneliest of the lonely. Of course, it was a matter of one-family prayer meetings, and at that only once or twice a year, maybe. But these, too, were part of his parish, and from one of them came the *Sunbeam's* name.

visited that day at Northeast. She's a Diesel-powered 72-footer, planned specially for her purpose, and fit for any sea. The bronze prow-shield can cut through 10-inch ice as if it were so much snow. At the launching, five years ago, she was christened with a spray of red roses. As the boat slid into the water, "Ma" Peasley, dean of the Mission staff, said she hoped the new craft wouldn't turn out to be a holy roller!

"She does roll at times, and so would the biggest liner in such seas as we often encounter," said the Reverend Neal Dow Bousfield, present superintendent of the Mission, as we stood on the deck. He looks too young to be old enough for such a job, but from what I saw and heard, MacDonald's mantle—meantime worn by several in-betweens—fits him to the proverbial T.

"Glad you happened along today, for

"One of the most precious virtues of the democratic way of life is the opportunity it affords any man to rise from obscurity to fame. That value must be zealously preserved as we plan for freedom in the midst of highly organized society."



A Scientist Searches for **GOD**

By Frank B. Lenz

"WE HAVE BEEN SO CONCERNED WITH THE THINGS THAT MAKE OUR BODIES COMFORTABLE, THAT WE HAVE OVERLOOKED THE FACT THAT 'MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE,'" SAYS FAMED DR. KIRTLEY MATHER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ONE gloomy afternoon Schopenhauer, history's greatest pessimist, sat on a park bench in a state of great mental depression. A policeman who failed to recognize him approached and asked, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" To which the Philosopher of Melancholy replied, "I wish I knew!"

The world is full of Schopenhauers today. They are with us by the million—

hopeless, beaten and skeptical people without a grain of faith as large as a mustard seed, with no trust in God, man or themselves. They are drowned in the stark materialism of these times. The war has blown their ideals to bits; they are sunk deep in a sea of despair and cynicism. College students are asking everywhere, "Is there a God?" Victims of the war, and their name is legion, want to know "What kind of a God would let this horrible catastrophe overtake us?"

I decided to ask one of America's greatest scientists these questions. Because, in the first place, I knew pretty well what the preachers, priests and rabbis would say if I asked *them*, and because, secondly, the scientists (so we have been told) are at least partly responsible for our loss of faith in God. I sought out Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology at Harvard, one of the world's outstanding scientists.

We met in his library at Cambridge—

a room crammed with books from floor to ceiling. There was something incongruous about him as he moved—a man of teeming physical and mental energy, square-jawed and fast-speaking—in this literary labyrinth. Definitely an "intellectual," the man is neither a stuffed shirt nor a dreaming sentimentalist. He is a human being with so sharp a sense of humor that the *Harvard Lampoon* says he is capable of "drawing a joke from a deep crevasse and dusting it off for geology class." At the Tercentenary celebration of the famous Mather School (the first tax-supported school in America) he quipped of one of his ancestors, "Ah, but Timothy was a rascal. He died by falling from a scaffold (a slight pause here) . . . in a barn."

He is no Schopenhauer. The boys at Harvard like him so much they rate his courses as "musts" in their schedules.

His sense of justice and fair play is as sharp as his good humor. Profoundly religious, he has stood against hidebound

ecclesiasticism. But when Bertrand Russell started lecturing America on the subject, "Man Is A Machine," Kirtley Mather challenged him on the public platform in a series of debates that ran from Brooklyn to Chicago. For years he has been the leader of the Mather Bible Class at Newton Center; his students are adult Baptists, Congregationalists and Methodists—no mean group for *any* teacher to hold!

This man believes without question that the intangibles of life—love, justice, honor, sacrifice, integrity, equality, tolerance, all of which you *cannot* reach via the microscope or test-tube—are the genuine elements of a lasting civilization. *Because they are the stuff out of which freedom and democracy come.* These qualities have religious values; from them we get much of our faith. He is as sure of that as he is sure he is alive. He has a splendid certainty and optimism about it that gets hold of you when you talk with him. He insists that man's greatest need is spiritual security, not *social* security.

The first question I put to him was an old one: "Man is so infinitesimal. How can God possibly have any interest in him?"

His answer was thoughtful: "The old question, 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him?' means more in this age of science than it did in the days of the Hebrew prophets. All too often we think of man as we think of a fleck of foam on the crest of a wave in the middle of the Pacific Ocean—existing for a moment, then gone forever in the swirl of the boundless deep. . .

"But workers in every field of science have been discovering the great significance of little things. In physics we know how important are the extraordinarily minute components of the atom. It is simply impossible for the human mind to imagine anything smaller than the proton and the electron; yet if a single proton and its companion electron are removed from the interior of an atom of mercury, that atom is transformed into one of gold. All the differences between gold and mercury depend upon the presence or absence of those two trivially small units of matter. In biology, the factors that determine the hereditary equipment of an animal or plant are known as "genes." A gene is so small that not even the electron microscope is powerful enough to permit it to be seen, yet these units are so important that even yet we cannot grasp their full significance. All the differences between the potential genius and the congenital moron seem to be due to the presence or absence of a few of these superlatively important little things in life.

"The same principle carries over into the field of human relationships. Each person in a community or nation has relatively as great importance in the life

of the entire group as have the individual protons, electrons or genes in the composition of matter and the structure of animals and plants. The learned scientist can pay no greater tribute than that to the significance of the individual in society. This principle emphasizes the significant role played by every member of society. One of the most precious virtues of the democratic way of life is the opportunity it affords any man to rise from obscurity to fame. That value must be zealously preserved as we plan for freedom in the midst of highly organized society.

"It is then the verdict of science, as



PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

DR. KIRTLEY MATHER

well as the dictum of religion, that each individual has a contribution to make to the welfare of his community. Upon each rest responsibilities that will tax his powers to the uttermost. For each there is an opportunity to influence the course of history. Especially in the present hour of crisis for all mankind, it makes a profound difference what each American citizen thinks and says and does because we are now building the new world."

My next question had two parts: "Have you any comments on Julian Huxley's statement: 'The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put in his hands is probably the most vital and alarming problem of modern times'? The second part of the question was, 'Why didn't Christianity prevent the war?'"

"Julian Huxley is absolutely correct. The tremendous significance and imperative urgency of that problem is borne in upon us by the tragic destructiveness of World War II. With high-speed bombing planes, robot bombs, far-ranging submarines, and gigantic tanks, evil-minded, self-centered men can wreck civilization. But the same or similar implements pro-

vided by modern science can also build a new world of health and comfort, security and prosperity for all mankind. It all depends upon what men do with the power they now possess. In a very real sense, World War II is a defeat for religion. But it is by no means a sign of the complete collapse of religion. Quite the contrary, it may well prove to be an experience that will contribute mightily to the salvation of mankind. We have generally learned the hard way, but we do learn. The war gives religion a unique opportunity to teach men the error of evil ways.

"Why didn't Christianity prevent the war? Anyone who asks that question in a cynical tone indicates thereby that he does not understand Christianity. Fundamental to the teachings of Jesus is the principle, 'Whosoever will, *may* come.' Nobody can be forced into the kingdom of God. Entrance is entirely voluntary. Persuasion, not coercion, is the only power that the Christian can use, else freedom vanishes from human and divine affairs. This, I take it, is what Jesus meant when He spoke of 'the yoke of the kingdom'. How often all of us would like to force our fellow men to be good! But that 'yoke' restrains us. The really good life cannot be propagated that way. On the other hand, that very 'yoke' provides us with a mechanism for getting results when it is used. The scientist joins the religionist in announcing that love is the best possible solvent for human problems, that persuasion brings more lasting and more beneficial results than coercion.

"Call to the witness stand any capable psychologist who is an expert in human relations. Or ask the geologist who has studied the record of geologic life development throughout the long history of the earth. Creative evolution has operated consistently on the basis of opportunity offered but progress has never been forced. At every stage the chance to make good has been given to many individuals. Only those who responded as best they could, have been selected for advancement. Learning by experience seems to be the way of life.

"It is probably true that 'scientific materialism' has focused attention upon the wrong goal for human life. We have been so concerned with the things that make our bodies comfortable, with mechanical devices that increase our physical efficiency, with grabbing things to make existence easier, that we have overlooked the fact that 'man does not live by bread alone.' The war has jerked us out of our complacency. We know now that even our very existence depends upon our social consciousness, our ideas concerning human relationships, our ideals of righteous living."

"Will science destroy civilization?" I asked.

"It is quite true that we have moved forward much more rapidly in recent years in our conquest of nature through science than we have in our spiritual growth through religion. The weapons science has placed in our hands are almost, if not quite, competent to permit us to destroy civilization if we insist upon using them for that purpose. On the other hand if we can develop the spirit of brotherhood and sympathetic consideration for our fellow men, which is latent in most of us, the implements of science will make us equally efficient in lifting civilization to a higher plane than it has ever yet attained. It's just a question of what we do with the power we now possess. Science provides the means, religion must point the way."

"CAN a man of science see God at work in this horrible war?"

"It is characteristic of the scientific mind to seek insight concerning the nature of the forces displayed in every event. Thus the scientist would try to understand the war in terms of the forces that it reveals. Behind the politicians responsible for the war are the intangible, but none the less real, factors pertaining to the human spirit. Some of these are good, some are bad. I think that all the benevolent elements in the spirit of man are indicative of the presence of God in our universe. They are an incomplete expression of the nature of the creative power that we can observe operating in the world around us and in ourselves. The evil in man is the result of failure to live in accordance with the best we know or can discover. The war is the result of human unwillingness or inability to live in the way that God wants men to live. It would certainly not be true to say that God caused or permitted the war to occur in order to chastise or even to instruct his children. It would be more in keeping with what we know about creative evolution to say that the war has occurred as a result of human ignorance and sin, God is using the war as a redemptive process whereby men may learn how to overcome the evil in human nature. One of the most remarkable facts of history is the way in which events that seem disastrous have led to changes that resulted in great good. In that sense only would I say that 'God's hand is in this war.'"

"Why are so many scientists, like Bertrand Russell, irreligious men?"

"Many men of science refuse to say that they believe in God or have any faith in religion because they know that many people would then think they are supporting some of the old naive and unscientific concepts of God and religion. They see so much that is wrong and harmful in the teachings of some religious leaders even today that they pre-

fer to wash their hands of the whole thing. On the other hand, there are many scientists who appreciate the fact that religion, like science, is a progressive development in the struggle of man to discover the truth and learn what righteousness really is. They continue to worship God as they think He should be worshipped and practice as best they can the religion they believe is valid. There are many such scientists, and for the most part they are men who have pursued their scientific search for truth far enough to have discovered that the world is not a machine and men not puppets on a stage. They are scientific enough to recognize the limitations of science and the validity of spiritual realities in the life of man."

"Are science and religion enemies?"

"Science and religion are two aspects of life. Science deals with the measurable, religion with the non-measurable realities. Science asks how many, how heavy, how large, how swift; religion asks how good, how beautiful, how lovely, how worthy of your deepest loyalty. Science provides tools and implements, methods and means; religion shows us ideals and goals, gives us standards by which to judge conduct, focuses our attention upon the possibilities of improvement in human life both as individuals and as a society."

"How can a scientist be helped by religion?"

"A scientist must have some adequate motive or he cannot keep on working. If it is just to earn a living for himself, he must surely wonder sometimes whether it's all worth while. Even if it is just to earn a living for his family, he probably is occasionally bored with it all. No one can do his best work unless he believes the results may be of real value—the greater and truer the value, the more successful the work. Truly scientific work—the search for truth—is never mere routine. It must therefore be inspired by compelling motives. How much better than 'truth for truth's sake' is truth for humanity's sake! The moment the scientist begins to think about human welfare he steps over into the area of religion. High religion—the best of the Hebrew-Christian heritage—gives the scientist the inspiration and the motive that he needs if he is to do the best work he is capable of doing as a scientist."

"HOW can a scientist find 'God'?"

"A scientist, limited to the kind of thinking that has proved so effective in advancing scientific knowledge, would find God in nature. He would gain insight into the real meaning of events—the orderliness of the stars and planets, the evolution of the earth and its inhabitants, the history of man. Every scientist accepts the universe. He knows that

the law and order in it must result from some sort of administration. As he tries to find out how the Administration of the Universe is operating, he discovers that the methods are very much like those that a superbly intelligent human being would use—the method of experiment, 'trial and error,' doing the best that one can with the materials available at any time or place. He further discovers that the results of the long series of experiments are improvements over what had earlier been present. Especially in the emergence of man from the creative process, he sees a product possessed of great potentialities of good will and intelligence. The power operating through the observed processes must be at least as good as the best of its products. The Administration is revealed as something much more akin to the human spirit than to a complicated machine. God is not only a law-maker; He is also supremely wise and superbly loving.

"But a scientist is a *man*, and therefore he may have his high moments of intuition during which he has gleams of insight that transcend the results of his painstaking research. He will however do his best to test the results of such intuitive glimpses of the nature of God by seeing how they work in practice. Not until he has tried it to see if it rings true in everyday life, especially in the area of human relationships, will he give it his devoted allegiance."

"AS A scientist, what is your message to this war-shattered world?"

"Both intelligence and good will are required to construct a world in which all men may live together in peace, security and freedom. Skillful use of scientific techniques and apparatus may result either in good or bad, life or death. Only as we extend the horizon of our sympathetic consideration of the rights and needs of others, as we strengthen our motives of good will, as we increase both our consciousness of our membership in human society and our relations to the Administration of the Universe, can we be trusted to use the power we now possess. Wisdom is more than knowledge. On the other hand, good will without intelligence is either impotent or harmful. It is therefore our duty to do our best to get all the knowledge we can and at the same time increase to the full our spiritual resources of good will.

"The war has shattered many of our illusions. It has increased greatly our sorrows. If it also makes us repentant for our follies and our mistakes, it may contribute greatly to our redemption. Mankind is being given a unique opportunity to make great progress toward attaining the good life. Let's not fumble the ball this time. Let's play the game straight through to victory."

MR. GUNNY BELONGED TO THE PARADE OF LITTLE MEN. A MALE SCHOOLM'ARM AND LACKING GENIUS HIMSELF, HE MUST RECOGNIZE ABILITY AND BE ITS GUIDE. HIS MUST BE THE GLORY REFLECTED. CORKY GAVE THIS DREAM AN UNUSUAL TWIST.

By CLYDE ORMOND

MR. GUNNY belonged to the parade of little men. "Emanuel J. Gunther," he'd signed the principal's contract twelve years ago when he'd come to Josephsville. With the change, he'd meant to bring new dignity. But within the year he was again Mr. Gunny to children and adults.

On a day in June, five years after he had put the three R's behind for keeps, he was in striped overalls, with a bucket, feeding the Leghorns. A car stopped on the highway out front. Gunny was a thin man of 50, and only his tie and erect bearing, both acquisitions of habit, made him look any different from his rural neighbors.

George Marcus, current chairman of the Josephsville School Board, came down the driveway. He twirled his hat while glancing about the clean pine coops and the white hens.

"Mornin', Mr. Gunny."

"Good morning."

Marcus's glance went to the nearby brown bungalow and back again. "How's the poultry king this mornin'?"

Gunny smiled, as he had smiled for kids for thirty years. "The chickens are doing fine, thanks."

Marcus put his hat back onto his head and looked at Gunny as if evaluating a new binder. He said gruffly and matter-of-fact: "The board's in a spot, Mr. Gunny. That young squirt of a principal quit us at the last minute for a war job. Now, you had our school for so long . . . it just dawned on me that you are just what we need."

In a way it was redeeming for a profession that eventually would have ousted him, to need him back. Mr. Gunny set the feed bucket down and wiped his slender hands. His expression was of one who reduces things to a philosophy. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Marcus."

"Why not?"

"Maybe I'm too old."

"You're no older'n me. That ain't the point, anyhow. There's an awful teacher shortage. If some ain't found, thirty per cent of Liberty County's schools will hafta shut down."

Mr. Gunny wiped his glasses, and didn't say anything.

The new chairman was in the habit of



REFLECTED GLORY

[PART ONE]

persuading people. "Like I told the boys, you only live a couple of miles from the schoolhouse. Your wife could look after the chickens during school hours."

Mr. Gunny was thoughtful. The many reasons he'd quit had accumulated with the years. Poor pay. Harassed occupation. Rut. He had eked out a living for himself and Mary without complaint. He had gotten along fine with the kids, and left financially where he had begun.

But he had foreseen the inevitable—his gradual transition from new broom, to a respected community fixture, to a nice Mr. Gunny who had had his say. He had quit, partly, so he would not eventually be released.

"We'll make it worth your while," the chairman was augmenting.

"I'm afraid—"

"Don't decide too soon," Marcus thwarted quickly. "You think it over. I'll be back." In afterthought, he asked, "Why did you ever quit in the first place? Most 'marms hang on till they're fired."

Mr. Gunny picked up the bucket. Thoughtfully, he watched the pudgy little man go back to his car. "Life is a blank page," he quoted, "upon which man strives to write one thing, but writes another." Maybe that wasn't the exact wording—it had been so long ago when he had noticed how aptly the words fitted him.

The years were a fixed, intricate pattern. Incident, routine, an occasional splotch of bright color. Print dresses, new denim overalls, and a wave of eager kids' faces. Daily dust of chalk and choked erasers. Kids stomping in, blowing hard on purple fingers. Kids listening better when he was teaching them human documents, maybe because these meant more to him than academic subjects. Josephsville, coming to him as kids, leaving almost young men and women. Under-teachers getting married and him sticking on, accepting the extra salary as "principal" for dissolving the complaints and misunderstandings of a community. Yet the years became a habit. They led, inexorably, in a clear direction.

"Mary," he'd say, after each spring's new contract, "I'm head-over-heels in the schoolmarms' rut."

Mary Gunther was frail and devoted. His happiness comprised her lonely little world after she learned that there would be no children of their own. He would take her hands and remember that with Josephsville he had promised her progress to something better. "How's a man to get ahead, when kids call him Mr. Gunny within a month?"

"Anyway, they don't call you Old Drizzle-Puss, like the principal you replaced."

"No."

"And why look so happy about it, if—"

"Kids are the best people, Mary. They're not hypocrites. Maybe I was cut out to stick with kids."

Mary would smile and push back his thinning hair with tender fingers.

But it became clear. A man left a mark. Some kind of monument. Otherwise, there was no sense to his living.

It was during those Josephsville years that Mr. Gunny's "mark" was conceived. Lacking genius himself, he must recognize ability and be its guide. His must be the glory reflected.

It was an intimate dream that grew on him gradually. Maybe it's just defense against my own incapacity, he thought. But it was a good defense. Somewhere in Josephsville's never-ending line of kids, he'd discover a spark and cultivate it.

Corky Smith had no earmarks of genius. Indeed, he seemed the very opposite. Corky came to Josephsville with his loud-mouthed, widowed father.

To his listeners, the uncouth "Blow-Hard" Smith had once been the country's most renowned poultry raiser. Such

a record didn't seem to jibe with his entry into Josephsville. He bought a worthless strip of ground behind the school section. It boasted a log shack where he and Corky existed. He built a straw-and-dirt chicken coop—Smith's avowed contribution to "reduction of overhead." When he broke out with Barred Plymouth Rocks for egg production instead of Josephsville's standard Leghorns, his status was understood. Blow-Hard Smith was tolerated and dismissed.

Mr. Gunny paid only routine attention to Corky till the fifth-grade teacher came in, perplexed.

"Mr. Gunther, that new boy . . . all he'll do is sit. He's not interested in anything."

"What grade?"

"His report says fifth. But he hasn't been in school for two whole years."

"How old is he?"

"Fourteen."

"Then he doesn't belong with those little kids. Better promote him."

Corky was lanky, sandy haired, awkward of movement and red of face. Mr.

Gunny was struck with an analogy that became fixed—Corky was a big sad hound that had been whipped. His brown eyes, paradoxically, were deep with intelligence.

Mr. Gunny waited for him to fit in. Within the week, it was apparent that the big boy shed instruction as a mallard did water.

Friday's English recitation was their first landmark. Each sixth-grader was to give an oral report on the topic, "What I Want To Do Most."

Corky rose awkwardly, pushing the seat up with wrinkled overalls knees. He strode forward, too much arms and legs wandering from cuff and hem. "What I Want To Do Most." He cleared his throat. "I want to get a long ways from chickens."

He went solemnly back to his seat. The room snorted with laughter. Corky didn't. He meant it.

Trivialities in rapid succession convinced Mr. Gunny that the boy had abilities hitherto neither challenged nor
(Continued on page 50)

"Carl, what would you be doing if you weren't making up this spelling?" Corky's eyes brightened. "I'd be huntun' pheasants," he said.



Sermon

Getting Our Bearings

WE HAVE become so familiar with what we call Standard Time that perhaps we forget how recent is our standardization of time. Within the memory of some now living, it was customary for a railroad to use throughout large sections of its territory the local time of one of the leading cities through which it passed. The result was that when two railroads met in some smaller town, it happened not infrequently that they were running under widely different time systems. As many as five different kinds of time have been simultaneously in use in a single town.

In 1879 the question of correcting this confusion was tackled anew by Sir Sandford Fleming, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific, and through his efforts was brought to the attention of the leading governments of the world. The result was that in 1882 the United States Congress passed a joint resolution authorizing the President to call an international conference to fix and recommend for universal adoption a common prime meridian to be used in reckoning longitude and in the regulation of time throughout the world. The Conference assembled in Washington on October 1, 1884, just about sixty years ago. The outcome was that the meridian passing through Greenwich, England was adopted as the prime meridian from which our time is standardized. And one can well imagine what confusion would obtain if this world, which the machine has made into one neighborhood, had no standardized time.

Yet more important than the standardization of time and money is the finding of a standard of righteousness whereby men can regulate their conduct. One of the barriers to building a better world is the moral confusion now existing. Kipling once wrote about a land "east of Suez where there ain't no Ten Commandments." Well, the war has revealed that there are some regions this side of Suez where the Ten Commandments are not recognized. We cannot have a peaceful world of law and order if on one side of a boundary line a thing is called right, and on the other side it is called wrong. The world must have some universal standard of righteousness, from which to take its moral bearings.

While this need becomes more imperative as nations get closer together, it was recognized centuries ago. In the last chapter of the Old Testament, the prophet Malachi tries to picture the forthcoming day when all the confused world which surged around and over his beloved and broken Israel might recognize one central regulating standard. And he



UPON THE BLOODIED FOXHOLES OF THE PACIFIC, UPON THE SHATTERED BODIES OF HEROIC VETERANS, UPON THE PALE MOURNERS WHOSE VERY HEARTS' BLOOD HAS BEEN DRAINED BY THE DEATH OF LOVED ONES—UPON ALL THESE SHALL CHRIST "THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ARISE WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS"

makes this prediction: "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

And we who call ourselves Christian believe that out of Israel did arise One who is the regulating center of the spiritual world as the sun is of the solar system. We call Jesus Christ the Light

of the World. And I want you to think of Him as the Sun of Righteousness from whom we take our bearings.

First of all, Christ is the standard of righteousness for the regulation of our individual consciences. Each of us carries a conscience, which is supposed to tell us what is right and wrong. But just

By Ralph W. Sockman



as our watches and clocks need to be repeatedly set and adjusted for the accurate keeping of time, so our consciences need regulation. We say, "Let conscience be your guide"; but the light and airy way we so often say those words implies that we know conscience often proves a lax and lazy guide. "The heart is deceitful above all things," as Jeremiah said, and often deceives the conscience into rationalizing its desires as right when they are wrong.

And even when the conscience remains sincere, it may mislead. Jesus said to His disciples, *The hour cometh that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service to God*. Many of those who called for Christ's crucifixion were no doubt sincere. Many of those who helped to burn heretics during the Spanish Inquisition were sincere. Many of those who hounded Roger Williams out of Massachusetts Bay Colony were no doubt sincere. I may be quite sincere in making some statement today and yet my statement may be utterly untrue and very harmful. All that sincerity requires is that our words and actions tally with our beliefs. But to be true, we must make our words, our actions, and our beliefs conform to reality. And that is what Jesus Christ helps us to do. He says, *Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free*—free from error, from prejudice, from suspicion and all the other evils which make for falsity.

Now the thought of Christ serves to correct our consciences when the thought of God fails to do so. Men have a tendency to make God in their own image and to twist that image to suit their desires. Thirty years ago the German Kaiser prated about "Gott mitt uns." Perhaps he sincerely pictured the God to whom he prayed as a God of force endorsing his own imperial designs. But we cannot picture Jesus Christ to fit our own desires and designs. Jesus of Nazareth is an historic figure. His character has been portrayed for us by four gospel biographers. For nineteen centuries the light of pitiless publicity has beat upon His figure; and there He stands, the same yesterday, today and forever. We cannot picture Christ as a fire-eating Fuehrer or an easy-going sentimentalist to suit our convenience and purpose.

And now in the second place let us look at Christ as the Sun of Righteousness who is needed to regulate our social conscience as well as our individual conscience. We try to guide our conduct by what is good for our fellow man. We talk much today about reverence for person-

ality. We look at the persons around us and we say what is right to do depends upon what is good for them. Now that is a good principle, but it needs regulation.

Take an intimate illustration. Yonder in the hospital is a friend of mine who is ill with what the doctors call a fatal disease. Is it right for me to tell that friend the truth about his condition? I realize that a person who is sick cannot stand the shock of bad news as can a person who is well. I realize that hope is a great elixir to a patient. Shall I then tell him the truth? It is a difficult question, and I do not presume to answer it here. I am not sure whether I should wish to be told that my illness would be fatal. But this I do say, it is a heavy responsibility to determine how much truth is good for my sick friend. It is so difficult a decision that I want the help of the Divine Physician in answering it, for Christ helps me to balance both my reverence for the personality of my friend and my regard for truth. I believe that Christ can show a way of giving both hope and truth in a sick room.

Or lift the principle to a larger realm. The minister of a congregation is the shepherd of his flock. As such he should have regard to the needs of his people. He is to study them and to give them what is good for them. As the old saying puts it, the parish shepherd is to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. But I am sure my fellow ministers would agree that our subtlest temptation is to temper the wind of our message to the fur coats. (Perhaps that figure is a little out of season, but I think you see the point of it.) When we preachers take upon ourselves the responsibility of determining what is good for our people, it is so easy to consider too much the desires of those who support our churches and thus to give them what they want rather than what they need. We must protect ourselves from that temptation and keep ever testing our message by the Christ who has reverence both for the truth and for the personalities who hear it.

Phillips Brooks knew the people of Boston. He studied their needs and sought ever to meet them. Thus he came to be loved by them. But Brooks would never have continued to be a prophet, preaching the truth without fear or favor, had he not felt the overshadowing presence of the Christ—a fact which the sculptor, St. Gaudens has symbolized in the famous statue which stands in front of Brooks' former church in Boston. That statue shows the massive figure of the great preacher, but behind and over-
towering him is the form of the Nazarene.

The minister of the Gospel must ever get his bearings from the Sun of Righteousness which is Jesus Christ Our Lord.

And Christ is needed as the regulating standard for our bearings in the still larger national and international spheres. Too much our tendency is to watch the polls of popular opinion for guidance in shaping our programs. Thus we seek to get ahead of our rivals by giving the people what they want. But we must remember that the voice of the people is not always the voice of God—especially so when there are so many ways of being vocal as there are today and when those who shout the loudest are seldom the ones who think the most. I believe in the people. I believe that the sobered and seasoned judgments of the majority can and must be trusted in a democracy like ours. But popular judgments are sobered and seasoned by adherence to principle rather than by surrender to expediency. And a government of the people can be preserved only by those stalwart citizens who keep their heads when others are losing theirs; who stand on principle when others yield to expediency; who seek the right as God gives them to know the right. And God gives us to know the right through our own consciences when these are enlightened and tested by the highest we can see outside ourselves. And over and above all other lights which illumine our consciences is the Sun of Righteousness, Jesus Christ Our Lord.

Let us now go back to Malachi's text for a parting look. He says "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." The Sun of Righteousness not only gives the guiding light by which we get our bearings, but also the healing light by which our wounded and broken spirits are enabled to carry on.

On what was New York's hottest day last August I left the city for lovely Lake Mohonk. On my first night in the country I was awakened by the stillness, for when you live in an apartment house under which a railroad runs, the quietness of the country is somewhat disturbing until you get used to it. I went out on my balcony and looked at the lake and mountains in the moonlight. The lovely half-light of the moon softened the rugged outlines of the rocks and gave a gentle appearance to the rough landscape. It seemed such a pleasant contrast to the glare of the noon-day sun on the city which I had left. And I am frank to confess that I sometimes have moonlight moral moods, when in the dim light of half-seeing my sins look so much less sharp and unpleasant, when I almost wish that Christ had not shed such clear light on the issues between right and wrong.

I am shaken out of such soft moonlight moral moods by the memory of an
(Continued on page 51)



"Just after we passed the church corner, a state trooper flagged us. I stopped, ready to put up an argument, because I wasn't doing over twenty."

By

RUTH
GILBERT
COCHRAN

Miss Barton's BOARDERS

[[CONCLUSION]]

AFTER all the stormy happenings of that Monday, the next few days passed with surprisingly little excitement. On the surface, that is. I went about my daily duties with outward calm, but inside I was jumpy as a hen on a hot griddle—all keyed up, waiting for something to happen. And I felt, although he never showed it, that Gene Wrightson, too, was tense as a drawn wire. I see I've called him Gene, because that seems so natural now. I stood a little in awe of him, at first, which is a polite way of saying that I was just about scared stiff whenever I realized that he was in my old brick house on an F.B.I. mission. But his very evident appreciation of Prilly changed all that. Those two clicked from the start, and this with my entire—and unasked—approval. Of course she babbled about him constantly—Gene this, and Gene that—and it wasn't long before I was calling him Gene, too.

However, their budding romance played a secondary part in my thoughts at that time. Madame Rodinoff and the mystery back of the tragic death of her

German maid kept me on tenterhooks, day and night. Not that I saw much of the woman. After her encounter with the suave Mr. Wrightson, she stayed closely cabined in her own room. She came out only when I brought the mail in from the box in the morning, and insisted on looking at every letter even after I would tell her emphatically that there was nothing in the lot for her. When Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday mornings had gone by without a word of any kind from her bank, I declare I was almost as disappointed as she was! I wondered if Mr. Wrightson could be responsible for their delay in sending on her jewels and that five thousand dollars she wanted.

I'd had my eye on him, in a quiet way, partly because I have my fair share of curiosity, but more because I hated to be kept in the dark about things that involved me so deeply. Prilly, in her artless way, had told me a good deal. . . .

"You know," she informed me Tuesday morning, "we had the goofiest experience driving back from town yesterday. Just after we passed the church

corner, a state trooper stepped out from the sideroad and flagged us. I stopped, of course, all ready to put up an argument, because I wasn't doing over twenty, but he grinned at me and said, 'It's O.K., Miss. The sergeant only wants to speak to this gentleman a minute.' And Gene got out and went over to their car that was sort of out of sight back of the church wall, and stayed there talking a few minutes. When he came back he said, 'That was Sergeant Thorne, a fine chap,' and then shut up like a clam. Wasn't that funny?"

"Oh, they may be personal friends," I answered. "Which way did the troopers go after that?"

"Back to headquarters at Elizabethtown, I guess. Anyway, they turned around and took the mountain road. Miss Abby, how old would you say Gene is?"

Around thirty, was my guess, and Prilly sighed. "I hope he's only twenty-nine," she said. "Thirty's so old!" Then she ran out to have a game of croquet with Claude who had come back for an

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hour's rest, and I couldn't help smiling at the matter-of-fact way she accepted that tribute. A date with Claude—for a date it undoubtedly was—would have thrilled her to pieces before she met Gene Wrightson. But now . . . well, Vivian Dunbar could stop worrying, I guessed.

When I heard the mallets clacking against the wooden balls in the sideyard, I went out and counted my water glasses. One—as I had expected—was missing, and I knew as well as if he had told me, that Mr. Eugene Wrightson had handed it over to Sergeant Thorne of the state police. The F.B.I. man took a long walk that afternoon, and very smart he looked, too, cutting across my back field toward the mountain road in his tweed riding breeches and high-laced boots. I had no doubt he'd be picked up there by a natty white coupé and driven over to Elizabethtown. I wondered how quickly, after that, he could get word from Washington about those fingerprints on Madame's drinking glass.

Another observation of Prilly's brought Mr. Wrightson down a bit in my opinion. "I never knew anybody before," she told me Wednesday while we were straightening up the rooms, "anybody, I mean, who didn't like Bill. But Gene and he just don't cotton to each other at all."

"No?" I murmured. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, this morning when I cut across your yard I saw Gene and Mr. Walker talking and laughing together down by the barn. . . ."

"Yes?" I prompted, laying a little bet with myself that there wasn't much Mr. Wrightson didn't know now about Mr. Walker's youthful acquaintance with Zaida Muller. "Was Bill there, too?"

"He came out from his room," Prilly said, "and I heard him ask them both in for a cup of coffee. Mr. Walker said he'd be delighted, but Gene just snapped 'No, thank you,' very coldly and came over and walked up to the house with me. I told him he'd hurt Bill's feelings, but he didn't seem to care. He said he had no use for a man who'd muffed all his opportunities, and I thought that was mean. Of course, Miss Abby, Bill's a good deal of a waster, but I wouldn't call him a failure, would you?"

"Not by my yardstick," I snapped. "He's not a success, either. But he's courteous and sweet-tempered, and he's



Illustrator

KARL GODWIN

She signed the receipts and then she screamed—a dreadful, piercing wail—that brought Prilly running in, terrified, from the kitchen.

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got a heart as big as a house. Your Gene is inclined to be a little severe and pompous. He may get more tolerant as he grows older."

"My Gene, indeed!" Prilly dimpled. "But it might do him good to see he can't have everything his own way." And she was quite distant to the young man all the rest of that day, refusing an invitation to walk along the lake shore with him in the afternoon, and going off that evening with a village swain for sodas at Shedd's drugstore.

Mr. Wrightson, I noticed, spoke more cordially to Bill after that, but he got no more bids for early coffee. Bill has his own share of pride, even if he does wear faded blue jeans. I thought that Mr. Wrightson was the greater loser of the two. . . .

So much for that. Thursday, as I said, still brought no letter for Madame Rodinoff. But her trunk came in the afternoon. Jay Smithers, who does a small trucking business on the side, brought the huge and very expensive-looking wardrobe trunk up from the depot, and Bill helped him carry it into Madame's room. She was glad enough to get it, I could see, but she was furious because she couldn't open it.

"That stupid Simmons," she shrieked at me, after the men had gone, "he has not yet mailed me the keys! I do nothing but wait—wait—wait for that man to write. Miss Barton, if I stay much longer cooped up in this room, waiting, I think I lose my mind!"

I didn't doubt her. She was pacing back and forth as she talked, her lameness completely forgotten, and her eyes had a hunted look.

"Why don't you call your New York home?" I suggested. "Ask your butler whether he has mailed you the . . . the keys?"

She considered that. "No," she decided, more calmly. "I shall give him one more day, and then . . . well, we shall see."

Yes, we should . . . I was convinced of that. . . .

I'VE ALWAYS NOTICED that when Fate does finally make up its mind to get busy after a long delay, things happen fast. I acquired a new guest that evening—a Mr. Saul Leavitt from New York. When I opened the door to his ring I thought he was a salesman—he was so brisk and dark and dapper—and I told him that I was in the midst of getting supper and too busy to talk just then. He laughed and handed me a letter.

"I hope there's enough for me, too," he said. "Something smells awfully good."

I looked him up and down, then opened the note. It was, as I saw from the heading, sent from the executive office of a large New York bank, and it was signed

by the bank's president. I read it through, then beckoned Mr. Leavitt in. "If you'll just wait in the parlor here," I said resignedly, "I'll finish what I'm doing and then show you one of my upstairs rooms. Perhaps you and Mr. Wrightson would like to have supper together. This letter says you know him."

"I'll be delighted," Mr. Leavitt smiled. "But of course if anybody else is around you'll have to introduce me to him. Get me?"

"I get you," I said wearily, and thought once more, "Oh, *why* did I ever let that woman into my house?"

I was not called upon to do any more shenanigans of the "make-believe-we're-strangers" sort that time, as the two



I WILL HAVE FAITH

As long as stars break through the
clouded sky,
I will have faith in man, in God, in life,
Although the aged faint, and children
cry
For want of bread, and youth's beset
by strife.

As long as sunlight sheds its warming
ray
Upon a frozen world, I still will trust,
That love will triumph, yet, in God's
good way,
And righteousness will banish lust.

As long as rainbows tread the path of
rain,
I will have hope, that dares defy all
fears,
That justice will erase all selfish gain,
And then my "God will wipe away all
tears."

MARCIA THOMAS



young men ran into each other in the hall, and were soon chatting together quietly in Mr. Wrightson's room. I served them a hearty supper there, for I had discovered that you can't fob six-footers off with a poached egg and a scrap of salad, and had "upped" their rates accordingly. I will say for both of them that they raised not the slightest objection to the whacking big price I asked them, and they paid right on the nail when the time came. Indeed, Mr. Leavitt added quite a bit to my income that summer, sending up a dozen or so fellow-employees to me for their vacations later on. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

It took me hours to get to sleep that night. The weather was unusually sultry, and thunder was muttering in the hills, although moonlight, strong and silver-white, poured in through my open windows and lay in a bright streak across

the old crazy quilt at the foot of my bed. The animals outside were restless, too. I could hear Hannibal in the shed where he was now tied, barking querulously now and then, and the cow would answer with a mournful moo. Then a mouse began gnawing monotonously in the wall, and I reached out and threw a shoe in its direction. That made me feel a little less keyed-up, and when at last a cloud came over the moon and rain began to whisper in the maple trees, I sank into an uneasy slumber.

The morning dawned dark and rainy, and I couldn't believe it was seven o'clock when the alarm went off in my ear. But the sight of a bright red umbrella bobbing toward me across the doctor's lawn, made me jump up and dress in a hurry and the business of letting Prilly in, setting on the coffee percolator, and deftly preparing breakfast trays—minus flowers now, I noticed—went on in the usual way.

Mr. Walker and his singers had a rehearsal again that morning, and I was thankful for that, as I wanted them to be out of the house when the mail arrived. Not that I had a really definite idea what would happen, should Madame Rodinoff finally receive the letters she was looking for, but I was sure that something unpleasant was in the offing, and the fewer witnesses the better.

No one else stirred outside their rooms until old Jay Smithers announced his arrival with a double blast of his horn, which meant that he had something he couldn't leave in the box, and then I heard three doors open at the sound. Mr. Leavitt was standing at the top of the hallstairs by the time I had slipped on my raincoat and reached the front door, but he warned me, with a wave of his hand, not to speak to him, but to go ahead. I did so, hurrying down the walk in the driving rain, and found old Jay holding out two letters and a small, square package. "They're all fer that furrin woman," he piped, "and all registered. You kin take 'em in, but she'll have to sign for the lot . . . I'll wait till you bring me out the slips."

I gasped when I saw the denomination of the stamps on the thicker letter and the package . . . they had certainly been insured to the limit. But I refrained from comment on that. "All right, Jay," I said. "I'll hurry."

"Those are for me, yes?" Madame Rodinoff panted. She was waiting for me in the hall, and a flick of my eye showed me that Mr. Leavitt had stepped back out of sight.

"All for you," I replied, equally breathless, "and here are the receipts for you to sign."

"Use my pen, Madame," and there was that quiet-moving Gene Wrightson right at her elbow, holding out a fountain pen.

(Continued on page 42)

By LEONE
DARROW

HOT! It was hot. Hot as you'd expect it to be, on the 5th of July. Even the sidewalks looked wilted and discouraged. So Alice was just like everything and everybody else when she looked wilted and discouraged. She met me at the top of the tenement stairs; she was sitting there with her chin cupped in her hand, the most disconsolate little thinker I'd ever seen, waiting for me to take her to the Mont Lawn Clinic for her physical

Cardiac



Paul Parker

"THEY ALL WANTED TWO WEEKS OF GREEN GRASS, BIG TREES AND WHITE CLOUDS IN THE COUNTRY SKY."

examination. If she passed, she would get two weeks in the country. She looked right at me and she said, bitterly,

"They won't take me. You'll see."

She'd had experience with this sort of business before. She'd been to lots of clinics. She'd spent months in a hospital. Ten years old, she was; she spoke as one with generations of experience. Her case-record card, hidden in my handbag, diagnosed her as "Cardiac." Bad heart. And living three flights up in a stinking, stifling tenement. Two other children in the family. If Alice didn't get to go to some fresh-air camp this year, she would stay in that black hole and take care of the others while her mother went out to work. She put on her floppy little sailor straw, adjusted it before the mirror, took my hand. She always took somebody's hand, on those stairs. Doctor's orders. A cardiac had to be careful . . .

"I'm telling you, there's no sense in my going to your clinic. They won't take me. They're just naturally suspicious the minute they see me."

"Well," I said, "we'll see."

She snorted something to herself, like a little angry old lady. We started down the street. A tatterdemalion mob of youngsters were playing "kick the can" in the street. She named them for me. "That's Mike. He'll get to go. And look at him. Ain't he healthy? Don't you

think I need it more than *he* does?"

Yes, Alice with her poor little heart needed Mont Lawn more than Mike. And Georgie, who had "legs like a piano," as Alice put it, always managed to go too, somehow, somewhere.

She walked slowly, in the heat. Youngsters called out, "Hi, Alice. How're you feeling?" as we moved along to the subway entrance. She became a cynic. "I s'pose it's all right, but I can't help wondering why it is that the healthy ones go and the sick ones, like me, always have to stay home all summer. Why is that?"

"This time, you're not going to stay home all summer. You'll see."

"Yeah. We'll see."

The clinic was crowded to capacity. A gracious lady took her by the hand, led her over to sit with half a dozen others, on a bench. They exchanged names, addresses, hopes and fears. One boy had been sent home a little while ago, with a sore throat. Another one had a sore on his leg that didn't look good, so he was sent home too. Of course, the reason for all that was plain in the mind

of the clinic doctor who rejected them; he was protecting the others against sore throat and leg infections, but that didn't register with the youngsters. They all wanted to go. They all wanted two weeks of green grass and big trees and huge white clouds like battlements in the country sky, and stars hanging up there, at night, that you never saw from a city street. Alice clenched her hands together in her lap, squeezed her eyes shut and whispered through clenched teeth: "Please, God. Let me go. Just this once. I'll never ask You again . . ."

I waited while she went "inside," to the doctor and the nurse. She wasn't gone long. My heart stopped when they brought her out; I could see it written all over her face. The nurse said, "Now about Alice, I don't just know. Her heart . . ."

"I know all about her heart." I was mad at the nurse, and the doctor, and everybody but little Alice and myself. I was mad for her—for the one youngster who it seemed to me needed two weeks

(Continued on page 40)

THEY were the most "fortunate" women in the city, in that lovely room; the wives of the most "successful" men, the mothers of the most "privileged" children. Each was probably the mistress of a house just as opulent and well-ordered as was this one in which our meeting was being held.

As individuals and as a group, I have a thorough admiration for them. But I would not trade places with any of them. (Admiration without envy! That is probably as wholesome a feeling as you can have about anyone—wanting everyone to continue perfecting his own place, and to be himself, with no taint of envy from yourself!)

A chart was propped up on the concert grand piano, and a handsome woman was pointing out A, B, and C with a ruler. Well-informed observations and comments were being passed about. We

"THERE IS NOTHING BETTER FOR A MAN THAN THAT HE SHOULD EAT AND DRINK AND THAT HE SHOULD MAKE HIS SOUL ENJOY GOOD IN HIS LABOR."

Ecclesiastes 2:24

who are thoroughly at home with the earth and the sky. The gardeners' look, I call it to myself.

Occasionally they would stand up and admire their own handiwork, and take off their straw hats and fan themselves dreamily. Through the window I could hear them dimly laughing, completely satisfied with their work, as Genesis says God was when He had finished.

I felt as if I were out there with them. I felt the good touch of the earth clinging to my fingers; I felt the sun on my hair. One escaped lock, brushed aside with the back of a busy hand, was splintered with spectrum colors into a

because she had allowed her men to work within hearing of this "important" meeting. She slipped out of her chair and tiptoed out of the room, and in a few seconds, I saw her walking stiff-legged across the lawns, toward the garden. The men, mistaking her approach for admiration, stood up and began pointing out the new flowers.

"Say, these is just dandy, Miz Matthews," one of them called out to her delightedly. "These is going to carry us right into September."

Her hush rushed before her; I could see it on the two honest faces. They looked up at the house, and one of them



The Having and THE DOING

By Margaret Lee Runbeck

were, in fact, analyzing the post-war world, and apportioning "responsibility." The whole scene was fragrant with security and good will, and the knowledge that we were spending a profitable and praiseworthy morning. I liked it and I was proud to be a part.

But outside that room was such an openhearted summer's morning, and the world under the sky was so full of beatitude and growing. So my eye kept roving out the window. And my ear kept chasing a mockingbird, laughing to himself from the top of a magnolia tree.

Just at the edge of the scene, framed by one wide window, I could see two gardeners working, sitting on their heels with knees jutting up on each side of their chins. They were transplanting some kind of late summer flowers into a bed along the drive. Every once in a while, they would stop what they were doing, and look around appreciatively with that pleased, peaceful look of men

million infinitesimal rainbows. A relaxed tide of warmth crept along my skin, and in my mouth I tasted the lazy broken sentences of garden talk.

I caught the eye of my neighbor then, sitting alertly in her chair, trying to look absorbed in the chart. I frowned at her just in time, for she, too, looked as if in another minute she would follow her imagination out of this room into the genial open, where we both belonged. She saw what I meant, and we both grinned. Then we realized that someone else was looking apprehensively at us. Someone else was stirring uncomfortably in her chair, as if she were being stifled under a too-heavy shawl of responsibility. It was the woman who owned this room, and the late-blooming flowers, and the checking account from which the two gardeners are paid at the end of the month.

She looked furtively out of the window, hoping we weren't being too critical

put his big hand over his mouth shamefacedly. They fumbled off with their hats, and backed away guiltily, their eyes buttoned on the windows of the house.

She slipped back in her place beside me, warm and ruffled but triumphant. She leaned to me and whispered with fond tolerance, "They're like children, those gardeners. I hope they didn't disturb anybody."

I shook my head, reassuringly. I couldn't help reaching out and patting her knee, for suddenly I was sorry for her. Here she was, on a summer's day, inescapably grown up! An estate owner, a club hostess, a this-and-that, muffled with responsibility. It just wasn't fair. She had all the ownership, and they had all the fun! Because she only *had*; while her gardeners *did*.

They *were* like children; she was righter than she meant to be about that. For children know that wonderful fact, until

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PAGE 30



by the contagion of predatoriness, many of them forget it. But left to themselves, children are the doimest people on earth.

Two of my favorite friends are the small sons of one of *your* favorite movie actors. These youngsters went to visit a couple of their contemporaries who live like young princes in the midst of every conceivable, weary luxury that wealth and lack of imagination can devise. The governess, who had taken Bill and Mike on the visit, brought home amazed accounts of the wonderful mechanical toys, the swimming pool, the gymnasium and the riding horses with which the hosts were encumbered. But what Bill and Mike brought home was the wanting of a two-wheeled cart.

"If we had one, I could pull Mike around in it," Bill told his father excitedly. "And maybe we could haul wood up to the house for the fireplaces."

"Sure you could," their father said. "How did you think you could get one?"

"Well, we could call up and ask 'em where they bought theirs," Mike said, casually measuring his father out of the corner of his eye.

"You fellows happen to have any money?" the father asked.

They admitted they had . . . a little. But it was pledged for war stamps, and their mother's birthday was coming. . .

"Tell you what we *could* do," their father said thoughtfully. But before he had finished the sentence, both boys were ahead of him.

"Sure we could, Pop," they said. "We could make it easy as anything." When you are 8 and 6, and used to hammer and nails, there's nothing you can't make!

"That's right," Pop said. "I know where there are a couple of wheels down in the barn."

Plans for the Saturday carpentry filled the whole week. Never was a cart so dreamed about and planned for. They drew the pattern on smoothed-out wrapping paper; they measured, and sawed and perspired. Pop helped with suggestions, but the boys did the work.

They built it all themselves. And they built much more than a slightly wobbly cart out there on the sunny barn floor with the doors flung open and the sky smiling down on the hotly clutched nails and the sandpapered boards.

You'd hardly expect that two small boys would understand that they were building more than just a toy cart. But

they did. For at the end of the afternoon, when the cart was almost ready for a triumphant trip around to the front of the house to be shown to the rest of the family, Mike said:

"Which do you think will be more fun? Makin' or havin'?"

Bill sat back among the sawdust, and thought about it. Then he grinned through his big new far-apart teeth.

"Makin'," he said.

* * *

WISDOM comes in through small doors sometimes. People go to lectures and read books heavy in the hand and heavier in the mind. They discuss and argue, and move big cumbersome pieces of mental furniture about from side to side. And then, unannounced and unheralded, wisdom blows in through some small opened window in the mind, casual as a petal from the tree.

We live whole lifetimes groping among wise syllables. Then one day a child says the sum quite simply.

"Which will be better? Havin' or makin'?"

"Why, makin'."

They don't need to explain it. They've found it out by doing. The thing proves itself.

(Continued on page 53)



PHOTOS COURTESY PYREX, CORNING GLASS WORKS

"Edna makes her glass mixing bowl do extra duty by using it to serve her salads."

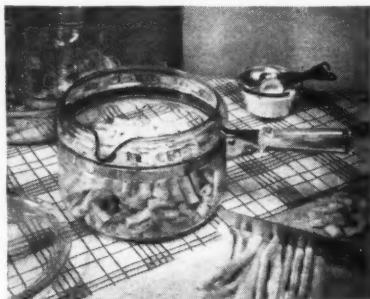


A BREATH of cool air, did someone say? Well, this heat business is a matter of the mind, so I'm told, and sometimes I agree. For instance, the other afternoon over the tea table, two of my young friends were chit-chatting, the way young mothers will, and they didn't seem to notice the heat, and neither did I! Maybe that was because the tea was iced and they didn't need to run up and down stairs to see what Junior was crying about. And from my point of view, maybe it was because I was so interested in their talk and their ideas; anyhow, although the mercury was running high, we never thought about it. You know, I got a real kick out of listening to them. I just guess that I get so set in my ways that I'm glad for a chance to hear how the younger housewives manage their affairs; it gives me something to think about and an idea or two for myself.

The talk was naturally about victory gardening, housekeeping, and babies. Edna Breit was having a particularly hard time, so she said. Formulas! They were the bane of her existence! Young Master Breit didn't like the food he was getting and so the eternal juggling of ingredients—a little more syrup . . . a little less syrup . . . a little more boiling . . . a little less boiling—was going on. Edna said that it was quite a nuisance

until she hit on one idea that saved her steps and time. She bought one of those glass tea kettles, the largest one she could, and now she puts a day's formula in it, measures it and boils it. Then she can pour the milk easily into the nursing bottles without using extra utensils, which need sterilizing.

Now that's an idea for other young mothers, I said to myself. So I hope



Glassware does double duty. This glass saucepan, having a removable handle, can be used as a pan or a casserole.

some of you can use it. The glass tea kettle, to my way of thinking, is grand because it can be cleaned so easily, and then put aside just for baby. When he outgrows the formula stage, you have a nice kettle that you can use in many ways.

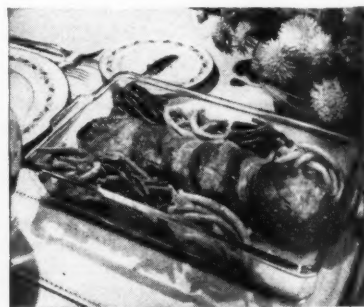
Cooking and baking in glass is one of those new ideas that's very sound. The glassware does double duty: it is used on the range or in the oven, and then taken to the table, saving dishes and adding attractiveness to the table setting. Take a glass saucepan, for instance, the handle is removable, so it can be used for a saucepan or a casserole. Or a glass utility dish, as another example, it also serves a double purpose, being used for baking foods and then being used for serving at the table. This saves dishes, but more important there's no loss of precious juices that happens when you transfer food from one dish to another. The dish can be used for cake baking too, and here's a note: When baking cakes in glass, reduce your oven temperature 25 degrees but keep the baking time the same as your recipe requires.

Edna, who seems to be all-out for glass cooking utensils, offered this bit of information: She makes her glass mixing bowl do extra duty by using it for serving her salads! Now who would think of putting a mixing bowl on the table? But one look at the picture and you'll see she has something there. And doesn't that salad look tempting? Because I know you're curious as to what's in the bowl, Edna sent along the recipe for what she calls a Fruit Slaw. Just right for these days!

FRUIT SLAW

3 cups shredded cabbage	1 small apple, cored and sliced thin
or	1 tablesp. salt
1 small head of cabbage	1 tablesp. vinegar
2 tablesp. diced celery	1 tablesp. sugar
1 small carrot, grated	½ cup mayonnaise
Few sprigs watercress	paprika

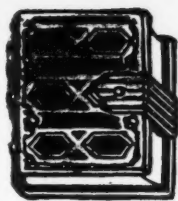
Combine the vegetables and fruit in your bowl—and a glass bowl certainly



You can bake your food as well as serve it attractively in this glass utility dish. Saves dishes and precious juices.

shows off the colorful ingredients! Add salt, vinegar, and sugar to the mayonnaise, stirring until all the ingredients are thoroughly blended. Then combine the vegetables, fruit and mayonnaise, tossing lightly. Sprinkle the top of the salad with paprika and garnish with watercress. Serve at once.

Well, Edna, myself and the others
(Continued on page 54)



SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Trauer

AUG. 5th ISAAC'S INHERITANCE

GENESIS 24:10, 15-20, 34-36, 61-67

NO LONGER a servant, but more than a servant, a brother beloved." This is the ideal for the master-servant relationship. Paul offered this prescription to Philemon as he wrote asking him to take back repentant Onesimus. In the city of Florence there are two tombs, side by side, the one of a British general, the other of his servant. On the servant's tomb the inscription quotes the above. Certainly Abraham could have given the same testimony to Eliezer his chief steward. What a tribute to both master and servant that such a mission should be assigned. This was a model relationship, faith on the one hand and fidelity on the other. Mutual faith and fidelity would solve the labor-management problems, heal the rifts in family life, make every community a real neighborhood and hasten the era of lasting peace.

The story of Isaac and Rebekah is a romantic idyl. Of course it is in the pattern of the Orient and of its long-ago day. The eye of Eliezer played him no trick when he saw in this beautiful girl the answer to his master's prayers. She was of the family; she was no heathen princess bringing her idols and vices with her into Isaac's tent. She was quick to give a cup of cold water to the thirsty traveller, and more, quick to volunteer to water his camels. The story he told her of the lonely young man back home caught and held her. If her brother Laban seemed more interested in the rich gifts and the caravan of camels, somehow we feel Rebekah was more genuine. As countless thousands of young women have done, down through the ages, Rebekah, too, made the great commitment—"I will go."

Perhaps we can understand the inclusion of these words in the wedding ceremony of the Church of England: "As Isaac and Rebekah lived faithfully together." Love, mutual trust, unity in faith, and a sense of common destiny, help build a lasting home life. If in later years there was division over the children, put it down to failure in judgment. At least this home began right. Silly ideas about whirlwind courtship and hasty marriage, have proved by their record to be gambler's hunches.

THE ACTORS in this drama were all so conscious of God's direction. The mission of Eliezer came out of Abraham's faith in God's promises. Isaac was child of promise and divinely destined to father a great nation. Abraham was sure there was also a divinely chosen mother for Isaac's children. Eliezer only undertook his mission because he shared his master's faith. He prayed often as he journeyed to Nahor and the appearance of Rebekah at the well was directly the answer to prayer. If Eliezer seemed to boast of his master's wealth, he did not fail to declare its source in God's blessing. Certainly this sense of God's leading caught the heart of Rebekah too and made her ready to go to Isaac.

How much we need that same sense of God's active interest in human affairs! "He leadeth me. O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!" There is comfort, there is courage, there is assurance! If we read the history of these Bible times aright, indeed if we understand the history of the world, we will know that God's purposes are working out.

Questions:

"Young folks can drift into love but not into happy marriage." Discuss.

What was the most valuable inheritance Isaac received from Abraham? What can modern parents learn from this?

Compare our present-day courtship and marriage with that of Isaac and Rebekah. What has been gained, and lost?

AUG. 12th ISAAC'S TESTIMONY TO GOD

GENESIS 26:19-33

ISAAC means laughter. This name could have been given to remind his mother of her laughter at the thought of bearing a child in her old age. (Genesis 18:12) But it was God's suggestion (Genesis 17:19) and a better reason would be the joy that his birth gave the aged couple. It also proved to be somewhat characteristic of its bearer. Not boisterous laughter, but the quiet, comfortable laughter of a man at peace with his world. Isaac has been variously called "the first appeaser," "a second-rate man," "the patron saint of the commonplace," "the most Christian patriarch," and the like.

Perhaps we would rate him higher if he were not the son of so great a father. It is hard for great men's sons to achieve greatness for themselves. Certainly there is much to commend him in the incident of the wells. More Isaacs to lead the nations would mean less wars.

"How oft shall I forgive?" asked Peter of his Master. The answer was "Without limit." Isaac moved toward Egypt to escape one of those famines that so often made the Promised Land a desert. In the neighborhood of Gerar he came upon pasture lands his father had used and reopened wells that his father had dug. The Philistines, to discourage too-near neighbors, had filled them. The Philistines drove him away. He moved again and again digging new wells, wells that overflowed with running water, only to have his title disputed. Finally when the Philistines permitted him to keep a well he had dug, he thanked God. Notice that he was no Neville Chamberlain, appeasing his enemies at the price of some one else. He paid the price of peace with his own coin.

ISAAC KNEW where justice lay and left vengeance with his God. No more practical testimony to his faith in God could be given. No wonder he received anew the promises first granted his father. And as prosperity followed him, even his enemies turned from despising him to courting his favor. He won the approval of his God and the respect of his neighbors by his self-restraint. Isaac is rated too low by most students of his life. In these times too many preachers would have enjoyed a more "heroic" text than "He removed thence and digged another well." They would have preferred an Isaac that "having dug his well, proclaimed to the Philistines and to the whole world, 'I dug this well and nobody is going to tell me to move on!'"

The world is not going to pay much attention to any man who talks forgiveness and goes about insisting on his rights. We Christians, who have so much clearer knowledge of God through Christ, have even greater responsibility. God's way of winning the world is through men. They must be winsome men, patient men, men in whom God-interest and neighbor-interest over-shadow self-interest. As between Jacob and Isaac, give me Isaac for a neighbor. A world

(Continued on page 38)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

AUGUST 1945

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

AUG.
1

A CLOUD OF WORDS
JOB 38:1-15

"WHO darkens my design with a cloud of thoughtless words?" (Moffatt) There are words that dispel the mists of the mind. They bring light like a sunrise. But there are other words that mystify and bewilder and drug with sleep. A recent speaker urged the youth of our city, in the longest words possible, to come to grips with the universe. It is my opinion that no youthful listener could fathom his address not because it was so deep, but because it was so muddy. Blessed is the speaker, the entrance of whose words giveth light.

We pray Thee, Lord, to save us who teach and preach from darkening Thy counsel by words. Amen.

AUG.
2

THE FATHER OF THE RAIN
JOB 38:28-41

"HAS the rain a father?" Indeed it has. Of course the rain comes by natural law, but that natural law is only God's way of working. Now if the father of the rain is also our Father, I for one would not think it silly to ask Him for rain under proper conditions. I think this privilege is guaranteed to us by that petition taught us by our Lord Himself, "Give us this day our daily bread." In many instances He can only do that by answering our prayer for rain. "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory."

Lord, help us to realize in all our relationships our utter dependence upon Thee. Amen.

AUG.
3

CONDEMNING GOD
JOB 40:1-8

"WILT thou condemn me that thou mayest be righteous?" The answer is that too often we do just that. When I am guilty of wrongdoing, or when I fail in right doing, if I justify myself, if I declare that I am not to blame, I thereby condemn God. He has commanded me to do the opposite. If I am not wrong,

then God is. For this reason, our excuses for our shoddy lives only add insult to injury by blaming God when always the fault is our very own. But, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive . . . and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Grant us, Lord, to realize our guilt that we may claim Thy pardon. Amen.

AUG.
4

A SENSE OF SIN
JOB 42:1-7

"WHEREFORE I abhor myself." This word belongs largely to another age. We are not greatly worried about our decent little sins. Lady Macbeth scrubbing at her hands would leave the modern audience cold. Of course, we still confess our sins, but those confessions do not often burst from us wet with tears and red with shame. What is the matter? Many factors enter in, but the supreme is a lost sense of God. Given a vivid sense of God, there is always a deep sense of sin. This accounts for the fact that the most poignant confessions of sin come, not from the lips of the greatest sinners, but from those of the greatest saints.

We pray Thee, Lord, for a transforming vision of Thyself. Amen.

AUG.
5

MADE FOR MASTERY
PSALM 8

"THOU madest him to have dominion." Man's mastery over the forces of nature thrills us with admiration. We can easily outrun the deer, outswim the fish and outfly the eagle. But man has too often failed to gain mastery over himself. Too often also he has squandered himself in seeking to master his brother by force. But all such victories have turned to defeats. Man can only master himself by the giving of himself to God. He can only gain any real mastery over his brother by winning his good will. To do this we must "be in subjection one to another out of reverence to Christ."

We thank Thee, Lord, for those who have won us by their self-giving. In Thy blessed name's sake. Amen.

AUG.
6

A REMEMBERING GOD
PSALM 9:1-12

"HE NEVER forgets the wail of the weak." (Moffatt) This I believe is profoundly true, but it is not always easy to believe. Sometimes the weak do seem forgotten, and they are so far as man is concerned. Yet God remembers and sooner or later He makes even forgetful men to remember. In speaking of the French Revolution, Charles Dickens said that humanity long crushed down grew up at last into that distorted monstrosity known as the guillotine. God never forgets the wail of the weak. The only thing He ever forgets is the sin of a repentant sinner.

We thank Thee, Lord, for Thine un-failing remembrance of us and of our needs. Amen.

AUG.
7

A GOD WHO PUNISHES
PSALM 10:1-11

"THE ungodly . . . thinks in his insolence 'God never punishes'." (Moffatt) How completely at home were these words upon the lips of Germans only five years ago. But God does punish us either by our sins or for them. Every one of the great nations shared in some measure in the guilt, but to my mind by far the most guilty was Germany. We have all been punished, but none so horribly as this aggressor nation. Sin is always a failure, but it never fails so disastrously as when it seems to succeed. It always impoverishes, but it never robs so tragically as when it seems to enrich.

Lord, save us from trifling with sin. Amen.

AUG.
8

FACING COLOSSAL CALAMITY
PSALM 11

"THE pillars of the State are falling: what good can a just man do?" (Moffatt) He can refuse to be so appalled by the fact that he cannot do everything that he will not do anything. He may not be able to do all he would like to do,

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but he can do all that God would have him do which is far better. In fact, however great the tragedy he can be so true that all the world will be the better for his living, and Christ Himself will come to meet him at the last, saying, "Well done, well done!"

Grant us, Lord, to realize that all Thou art asking is fidelity to life's everyday tasks. Amen.

AUG. 9 **A PESSIMISTIC PRAYER**
PSALM 12

"**HELP**, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." "Goodness is no more," is Moffatt's translation. But that is a too pessimistic reading of things. Often good folks do seem far from plentiful, but they are never quite extinct. There is always a remnant, a chosen few. We face the fact that there is wayside soil where the seed gets no chance. There is stony ground where the wheat withers and other ground where it is choked by thorns. But always there is some good ground that produces thirty, sixty and a hundred fold. It is our privilege if we will be a part of this good ground.

We thank Thee, Lord, that even on the human side we never have to fight entirely alone. Amen.

AUG. 10 **KEPT**
PSALM 12:5-8

"**THOU** shalt keep them, O Lord." Everybody needs a keeper. The less we realize that fact the greater our danger. A large part of the folly of the Rich Fool was in thinking that he could keep himself by building greater barns. Thus thinking, he forgot God. Every man, every nation, must be kept by the power of God or face disaster. But God can keep us only as we put ourselves in His hands. Then He keeps not by shutting us in a cloister or hiding us in some other place of safety. He keeps us even "Where all around us the ungodly strut." (Moffatt)

We thank Thee, Lord, that it is our privilege to be kept day by day by the power of God. Amen.

AUG. 11 **A SURE TRUST**
PSALM 13

"**I HAVE** trusted in Thy mercy." Well, that is the one hope for all of us who realize that we have sinned and come short of the glory of God. "Have you a word of encouragement for an old sinner who has nothing good to say for himself?" a keen Scottish lawyer asked his minister. "Yes," came the prompt reply,

"I have this to say, *He delighteth in mercy.*" It is not surprising that that word changed the lawyer's winter into spring and set his heart to singing. Taken seriously and trustfully, it will do the same for you and me.

We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou dost delight in mercy. Amen.

AUG. 12 **THE FOOL'S CREED**
PSALM 14

"**THE** fool hath said in his heart there is no God." That means that the fool's difficulties were not intellectual, but moral. His creed was born merely of his wishful thinking. The thought of God annoyed him, therefore, for his own comfort he refused to think. The fact of God made demands upon him that he was unwilling to meet, therefore, he dismissed Him. It is not keen and clear thinking on our part that makes God seem unreal; it is rather cowardly and shoddy living. Begin to live today as if God were real and He will become real to you.

Grant us, Lord, the courage to obey that we may come to spiritual certainty. Amen.

AUG. 13 **A BITING TONGUE**
PSALM 15

"**HE** THAT backbiteth not with his tongue." This is a striking verse. Generally we are supposed to bite with our teeth, but the backbiter uses his tongue. The fact that he attacks from the rear suggests that he is cowardly as well as cruel. The backbiter is "a beast of prey who does not even wait for the death of the victim he devours." Not only so, but such a one does harm with no hope of gain.

Help us, Lord, to be kind in the use of our tongues. Amen.

AUG. 14 **OUR WEALTH**
PSALM 16:1-5

"**THE** Lord is the portion of mine inheritance." "Thou art what I get from life, O Thou Eternal," is Moffatt's illuminating translation. This week I had to stand by the bedside of one who was dying of poison, self-administered. What was wrong? She was getting nothing out of life but heartache, therefore, she threw it away. Nobody gets anything to satisfy him if God is left out. But if we can sing with the joyful poet, "Thou art what I get from life, O Thou Eternal," then we are infinitely rich regardless of whatever pains or losses life may inflict upon us.

We thank Thee, Lord, that possessing

Thee, we possess a wealth that both satisfies and abides. Amen.

AUG. 15 **STAYING PUT**
PSALM 16:6-11

"**I SHALL** not be moved." The refusal to be moved may at times be far more of a vice than a virtue. There are some who refuse to be moved because they are too lazy. It is too much trouble. There are others who are not moved because they have sunk so deeply into a rut that it has become a grave. There are others still who will not move because they are stubborn. But the steadfastness of the Psalmist is born of the conscious presence of a Friend. "I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thy presence can steady us even through life's most terrible hours. Amen.

AUG. 16 **GOD'S TENDER CARE**
PSALM 17:1-8

"**KEEP** me as the apple of Thine eye; hide me under the shadow of Thy wings." This poet was a great believer in God's constant and tender care. Therefore he prayed, "Keep me as the apple of Thine eye." The apple of the eye has been referred to as the tenderest bit of the tenderest part of the body. Thus the Psalmist is praying and teaching us to pray that God shall keep us as jealously as we guard the most sensitive part of our own bodies. This He was to do effectively and fully by hiding us under the shadow of His wing.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou art infinitely eager and able to keep us every day, even to the journey's end. Amen.

AUG. 17 **THE WORDLESS SERMON**
PSALM 19:1-6

AS THIS ancient poet looked into the heavens they spoke to him of the glory of God. But the sermon he heard was entirely without words. "There is no speech nor language," he declares, "where their voice is not heard." There are times when the insertion of a word on the part of the translators helps the sense, but the introduction of the word "where" in this passage makes the author contradict himself. The heavens do not need words to tell of God's glory.

Give us, Lord, to see Thy glory in the wonders of Thy handwork. Amen.

AUG. 18 **SINS OF PRESUMPTION**
PSALM 19:7-14

"**KEEP** back Thy servant from presumptuous sins." This is a common type

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

of sin. It was the sin of the man without the wedding garment in Jesus' story. He thought he could enjoy the feast without meeting the conditions of such enjoyment. He assumed he could reach his desired goal without bothering to take the road that led to that goal. This was the temptation of Jesus when Satan set Him on the pinnacle of the temple and bade Him cast Himself down. We presume on God when we count on being saved and kept by Him, without meeting the conditions of obedience to His will.

Lord, save us from so presuming upon Thy goodness and love as to walk the way of idleness and evil. Amen.

AUG.
19

A HUMAN PRAYER
PSALM 22:1-11

"**BE NOT** far from me." This man is longing for the conscious nearness of his infinite friend. He urges God to come near for two very pressing reasons. First, he longs for the nearness of God because of the nearness of danger. But he is sure that however near and threatening it may be, God can come even nearer. Second, he longs for God because he is so helpless and alone. "Be not far from me . . . for there is none to help." In this human prayer we can all join.

We thank Thee, Father, that Thou art especially near to those who most feel their need of Thee. Amen.

AUG.
20

A SURE HOME
PSALM 23

"**I WILL** dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Of this I can be sure if the Lord is really my Shepherd. Even an ordinary shepherd does not guide his sheep during the lesser dangers of the day, and then slip home alone when the sun has set and when his weak and foolish sheep need him most. Surely the Good Shepherd who has created and redeemed me, is not going to hold my hand through life's brief day, then drop me into the grave at last and go home in the gloaming alone. Such a procedure would not make sense. "Because He lives I shall live also."

We thank Thee, Lord, that walking with Thee today we can be sure of an endless tomorrow. Amen.

AUG.
21

DIVINE OWNERSHIP
PSALM 24

"**THE** earth is the Lord's." Well, no one who believes in God will deny that. What little of this world that you and I may possess has been fingered by other

hands before you and I came on the scene, it will be fingered by other hands still when we have passed behind the veil. Yet while we confess God's ownership with our lips, we often deny it by our lives. If we take God's ownership seriously, we are certain to set aside some portion of our income in acknowledging that fact. To refuse to do this is to become a mere worldling and a practical atheist, regardless of the creed we may confess.

Help us Lord not only to confess Thy ownership with our lips, but also by our lives. Amen.

AUG.
22

A SURPRISING NAME
LUKE 12:16-21

"**THOU** fool." "Certainly," we answer glibly. But while we call this successful farmer a fool when we meet him on the pages of the New Testament, we do not do so when we meet him anywhere else. When we encounter him at the bank or see him passing the collection plate on Sunday morning, we give him an entirely different name. In fact we say, "He may be a bit close, he may drive a hard bargain, but whatever else he is, he is no fool." But Jesus insists on calling this man a fool regardless of his setting. This He does because no other name will serve.

"Breathe on us breath of God; Fill us with life anew, That we may love what Thou dost love." Amen.

AUG.
23

WHY FOOLISH?
LUKE 16:11-21

IN WHAT does the foolishness of this farmer consist? We can find the answer by hearing him think. "He thought within himself." His moral imbecility is seen, not so much in what he thought, as in what he forgot. He was so busy thinking of himself and his barns that he forgot three matters of supreme importance. First, he forgot God; second, he forgot his fellows; third, he forgot his eternity. There might have been sense in his making some provision for the few years he might live, but how stupid to forget the eternity in which he must live.

Help us, Lord, so to remember Thee and our fellows that we can in some measure forget ourselves. Amen.

AUG.
24

A DAY AT A TIME
PSALM 118:24-29

"**THIS** is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Here is a man who has made up his mind to live a day at a time. How wise that is! We ought to live a day at a time

because a day is all we have. Yesterday has gone and tomorrow has not arrived. Not only is today all we have, but it is all we can manage. Nobody can manage two days at once. Finally, a day is all we need. If we dare to live within the will of God today, He will take care of yesterday and prepare us for tomorrow.

Lord, we pray for the wisdom to live at our best just for today. Amen.

AUG.
25

NO BLACKOUT
PSALM 27:1-6

"**THE** Lord is my light." That being the case, for me there can be no real blackout. This does not mean that I shall altogether escape the darkness that is a part of the human lot. I may have to pass through the night of suffering when pain will walk with fire-shod feet along every nerve of my body. I may have to endure the darkness of disappointment and bitter loss. There may be the setting of a great hope in my life that will be like the setting of the sun. But if I have the light of God within, I can still enjoy bright day.

We bless Thee, Lord, for that inner light that no darkness can overcome.

AUG.
26

IN QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL
PSALM 27:4-10

"**TO BEHOLD** the beauty of the Lord." Here is a man with a veritable passion for the beautiful. He is not satisfied with second-rate beauty. He longs to behold beauty at its infinite best, even the beauty of the Lord. It is our privilege to behold the beauty of God in the face of Jesus Christ. As we see Jesus bend over the outcast, gather little children in His arms, die on the Cross, we know that we have seen beauty at its best. In fact, the most we can hope for in God is that He be as beautiful as Jesus Christ our Lord.

We thank Thee, Lord, that we can so behold Thy beauty as to come in some measure to share it. Amen.

AUG.
27

FAINTING
PSALM 27:11-14

"**I HAD** fainted unless I had believed . . ." We all know either from our own experience or from that of others what it is to faint. It is to go limp and fall out. It is to become for the moment as useless as the dead. Some among us have fainted physically. Far more have fainted spiritually. These may not be dead, but they give a fine imitation of death. Instead of being assets, all such have become liabilities. This poet found an

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antidote against fainting that kept him on his feet. He so fixed his faith in God that he remained alert and steadfast.

We thank Thee, Lord, that trusting in Thee we need never faint. Amen.

AUG.
28

OUR TRANSIENT TEARS
PSALM 30:1-12

"**WEeping** may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." What lovely poetry! Naturally to many this will seem a far too sunny reading of things. Already you feel that sorrow has been your guest for a long time. Yet this Psalmist is no sheltered son of good fortune, who is singing of experiences of sorrow that he has never known. He has had his face wet by tears. But with the coming of a new day his tears have been dried. This was the case, not so much because all sorrow had passed as because the Sun of Righteousness had risen upon him with healing in His beams.

We thank Thee, Lord, that as we bring to Thee our sorrows, Thou wilt either dry our tears or change them into jewels. Amen.

AUG.
29

THE DEADLY DROUGHT
PSALM 32:1-5

"**MY MOISTURE** is turned into the drought of summer." This man has been guilty of a sin that is so ugly that he has refused to confess it even to God. At last he can endure the agony of his silence no longer. He clutches at God's skirts and pours out his shameful story. Then what? The holy God who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity" does not spurn him. Instead He forgives and takes him at once into His confidence and friendship. Naturally this experience breaks up his drought and sets the fields of his heart to flowering.

We thank Thee, our Father, that if we confess our sins Thou art faithful and just to forgive. Amen.

AUG.
30

MULISH FOLKS
PSALM 32:6-11

"**BE YE** not as . . . the mule." To appreciate the wisdom of this, one would need to have some firsthand knowledge of the animal. I have that required knowledge. Having been raised with mules I know them. They are very useful when trained, but by nature they are stubborn and crossgrain creatures who truly will not come near their master except under the compulsion of bit and bridle.

Save us, Lord, from confusing mere mulish stubbornness with honest and intelligent conviction. Amen.

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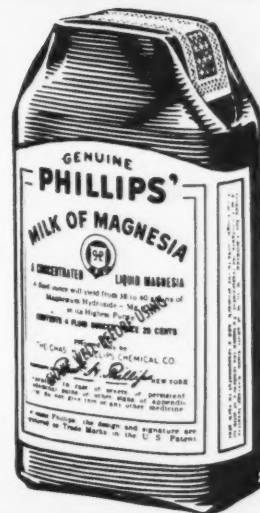


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AUG.
31

SLIPPING THE BRIDLE
PSALM 39:1-6

"GIVE us a bit of Scripture this morning," said a professor to a student of my acquaintance who had a reputation for quoting the Bible on all occasions. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me," came the prompt reply. Now this keeping the mouth with a bridle in the presence of the wicked is all to the good. But if we slip it off entirely in the presence of saints, we are likely to say a good many things that are more interesting and hurtful. "I will take heed . . . that I sin not with my tongue," is a high resolve that we can only keep by the help of God.

Help us, Lord, to be so busy speaking the helpful word that we shall not have time for the words that hurt. Amen.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 33)

filled with Isaacs would offer vastly more laughter than tears. Will you try the Isaac way?

Questions:

What principles do you find in the story of Isaac and his wells for the establishment of industrial and international peace? Will they work? How far were they applied at the San Francisco Conference?

The Philistines envied Isaac because of his prosperity. How far did this kind of envy produce our present world war? Can a nation live at peace with the world in prosperous isolation?

AUG.
19th

RECOGNIZING GOD'S PRESENCE

GENESIS 28:10-22

JACOB presents a shameful picture as he connives with his mother for the birthright blessing. We are almost embarrassed to look in upon that scene of family strife. True we can blame the energetic Rebekah and the too-yielding Isaac for the situation. Yet Jacob was old enough to be responsible. He was the type of smart young man who proposes to live by his wits. He played first upon the appetite of Esau and bargained his birthright from him. Then with his mother's help he deceived his father for the blessing that should go with the birthright. Strange mixture of religious ideas, to think that God could also be tricked into honoring a blessing. Well, it was a bad, bad start Jacob made in life and there was no possible safety at home for him. That great oaf of a brother could break him across his knee, and probably would when his father died. So Jacob had to run away. Even his mother who doted on him saw that. So off he went to find a wife in the same place his

father had found his mother. At least this would be one good outcome of the bad beginning, for he would not marry a heathen woman.

There was no sense of God's presence with him as he sneaked away. No doubt, if he thought of God, he thought of Him as somehow located near the altar of Isaac. But God was leading him, straight to the place where Abraham, long before, had raised an altar to his God. Here he pillowed his head upon a stone, and slept under the starry sky. Then came the dream that was to begin in him a new recognition of destiny. Perhaps the last impression as he fell asleep, was the rocky hillside rising to the horizon like a great stone stairway. In his sleep it seemed that angels, messengers of God, were walking up and down, symbols of the dependence of men upon the constant care of God. And God stood by him and fear clutched his heart. But the voice of God came not in anger, not in warnings of punishment, but in confirmation to him of the promises made to Abraham.

THEN CAME the great commitment. We make much of the "if" Jacob used in his vows. It had the flavor of bargaining with God. Remember the times of Jacob had little clear knowledge of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly the vow was acceptable to God and meant a real conversion. It would take years and much trouble before Jacob would know God better but God could use him, with all his faults, to continue the line of Abraham and to take his place in the divine plan of love for sinning humanity. If God could use Jacob, He can also use us.

"Bethel, house of God," Jacob called the place of his vision and the very stone that had pillowed his head became the sign of remembrance. The lesson for us is that God is always with us. There are steps to heaven right where we are, guilty wanderers though we be. To us they are clear and glorious under the Light of the World. If we have eyes to see and ears to hear, God is waiting to covenant with us. Let us realize and practice His presence, every day, every hour.

Questions:

What do you think of tithing? (Genesis 28:22) Is there a Christian argument for tithing?

What home conditions helped to produce a tricky boy like Jacob?

Through what religious practices can we realize the abiding Presence of God?

AUG.
26th

JACOB ADJUSTS PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS

GENESIS 33:1-11, 17-20

THE deceiver will be paid back in his own coin. If only Jacob might have

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learned this lesson an easier way. Reaching Haran he fell in love with his uncle's daughter Rachel. Laban deceived him and had him married to Leah in spite of his seven years' service. So he served another seven and married Rachel. He was in a constant battle of wits with Laban over his wages and succeeded in getting the best of most of the bargains. Finally he had to use deceit to get his family out of Laban's control and when Laban followed him, his powers of persuasion were put to the test or he would have been taken back to Haran. With this trouble behind him he could give attention to the prospects ahead. How would Esau treat him?

To meet the threat of Esau's anger he divided his lavish presents for Esau into several herds, so that they would come to him one after the other. This was another smart trick from his over-fertile brain and would break down the anger of his brother.

On the way back to his homeland, Jacob again met God and in a dramatic scene wrestled all night with God, receiving his new name Israel, striver-with-God. We would like to think that Jacob never again would be the tricky rascal of his earlier years. We must not press too hard the pattern of our Christian standards upon these men of the long ago. Out of this experience we may believe the superstitious fear of God left him. "I have seen God face to face, and am alive," he declared. The years had proved the faithfulness of God, and Jacob no longer needed to bargain with Him.

HAVING SETTLED his relationship with God, the next issue was reconciliation with Esau. No less than his father Isaac, Jacob was a man of appeasement. His plans worked and he met a long-lost brother in Esau, one who would forgive and forget. So Jacob could settle down in the homeland and raise his family. It would not be a peaceful life, nor would it be an undivided family. The deceiver would feel the bitterness of deception many times. Yet the worship of the true God would be kept alive and the family of promise would continue to grow into a great nation.

Jacob did mend his broken relationships for he was a man of peace. Too bad he did not learn in his youth that fair dealing is the surest way to avoid broken friendships. When nations stop their hero-worship of sharp-dealing diplomats and give their support to leaders who make justice their standard, we will have better hope for permanent peace.

God does rule and overrule the destiny of men and nations. In spite of the weakness of the men upon whom He depended to carry out His plan, the currents of history moved on in channels He had

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built. Let us believe this is still true. Many Jacobs are in places of influence in the nations of our world. Let us believe that God will somehow use them all for the building of the better world, "the one world," of our dreams.

Questions:

Go through the entire life of Jacob and point out the deceptions he attempted and those he suffered. Is honesty always the best policy?

What is the relation between worldly prosperity and God's blessing? Is wealth a sign of blessing or a mark of responsibility?

CARDIAC

(Continued from page 29)

in the country more than all the other youngsters in New York City put together. In sheer desperation, I took the nurse's arm and led her to where Alice couldn't hear.

I said, "You can't turn her down. That child will die, if you do. Can't you let her sit here for awhile, and then look at her again? She's all excited today; she was awake all night last night, dreaming about going to Mont Lawn. Give her another chance. Please."

"It would be most irregular," said she. "A lot of nice things in this world are irregular," I snapped.

She was a busy nurse; she looked out over the roomful of howling young humanity, brushed a worried hand across her worried eyes and said, "Oh, all right. Sit down over there, and wait. We'll take her when we get through with the rest."

We sat down by the windows and watched them. They'd go in, confidently, and come out dancing, shouting, "I'm going. I'm O.K." One after another did that. Seemed as though they were all going, right away. One, two, three . . . fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. There were twenty in that room. Only four more to go. Alice sat there with a thermometer in her mouth, her head thrown back, her eyes closed. I knew what she was doing. She was praying. So was I.

I went in with her when the twentieth one came out. The doctor was just slipping out of his white coat; he'd forgotten. He looked at us, frowned, shrugged his shoulders helplessly, and motioned Alice over to his little white stool. Out came the stethoscope. I looked out of the window at a church steeple. "Look, God, if You ever wanted to save a youngster's life, You can save one now."

The doctor took the stethoscope tubes out of his ears. He had a poker face: no expression at all that you could read. He picked up Alice's card, and walked over to me at the window. I held my breath. Alice watched us as a cat does a mouse.

"Hmm," said the doctor. "Hm. The little lady has quite a heart; I've seen better, and I've seen worse."

I could have slapped him. Why didn't he say yes or no, and get it over with?

"Hmm. Four months in the hospital. Never accepted for any summer camp. Can't run and play with the other youngsters, even if we do let her go to Mont Lawn, could she?"

"Why don't you let her go, and see what she'd do? The child never had a chance."

He looked up at me sharply.

"You want her to go, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Hmm." That "hmm" was as exasperating as a bee in church. "Hmm. And will you be responsible for her if I say she's all right?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, I'll be responsible. One hundred percent."

"Hmm. Well, I hope you know what you're doing. Personally, I think you're crazy, but . . ." He took out his fountain-pen and scrawled the magic two letters on the card: "O.K." As I tore it out of his hand and rushed over to Alice, she broke down and began to cry. The doctor jerked off his white linen coat, put on his street coat and his hat, turned and looked at us and said, "I also think Mayor LaGuardia and Governor Dewey would have a tough time holding out against you two."

We wiped the tears from her cheeks, and went home. At the top of the tenement stairs, I told her she was going to have to be very, very careful at Mont Lawn. She would have special care—special treatment that would cost a lot of money. She'd have a doctor and a nurse watching her up there, most of the time, and she must do exactly as they said. She promised. And she went.

Alice is the first of what CHRISTIAN HERALD wants to be, a long line of newcomers at Mont Lawn—"new ones" who will really begin to come in large numbers once the war is over. At least, that's the way we want it. For Alice is one of the great uncounted multitude of really neglected childhood in Manhattan: the lame, the halt and the blind who can't keep up with the rest, who always get left behind. She is not fatally ill—yet. That cardiac condition *can* be corrected—and it must be corrected in thousands of children in this huge, sprawling city, before it is too late. Someone must begin to think of them, seriously, when time for "camp," and green grass and big trees, rolls around.

It means a larger staff, a highly specialized staff. That means more money. But—I'm not worrying about money now. Not since I saw the doctor sign that card. Not since I said good-bye to Alice that morning on the tenement stairs. I looked up beyond the blistering sun, as I came out on the street, toward heaven, and I said "Thank you, God."

There'll be a way, with God, to take care of the army of Alices, after the war.

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(Continued from page 18)

available ice-breaker in the narrow channel. Unless released, the needed boat must stay till spring, three months lost. We leave Northeast Harbor (nearly a hundred miles away) with a gale blowing and temperature at zero. Made North Haven for the night. Before reaching D., while bucking 12-inch ice, a messenger came across the ice with a call from Vinalhaven—there had been a death, and the old lady wanted to be buried on Matineus, and carried there on the *Sunbeam*, if possible. After freeing the transport, we took her there."

"You might call us a sea-going handy-man," says Mr. Bousfield. "There's hardly anything we're not called on to do at one time or another. In addition to more or less regular pastoral visitations, we're freighter, messenger and errand boy. Often, when headed for a distant lighthouse, we take along copies of the *Rockland Courier-Gazette*. Some years ago, at the suggestion of a former Mission head, this lively paper started a 'Guardians of Our Coast' column, filled with items about 'light' families and doings—who's visiting who; how hard the wind blew last Tuesday; maybe a wedding, or a new baby."

The Mission has established diet and health clinics in many villages on the islands, and every once in a while a dentist will be taken around. When the latter work was started, one three-day clinic in a larger settlement piled up a record of 119 pullings, 175 fillings, and 49 cleanings. The event was such a novelty that a big hall was commandeered, to accommodate the crowd wanting to see how it was done!

The log of the *Sunbeam* is more than a record of this unusual boat's adventures. It's also a diary of mercy. Mr. Bousfield showed me an entry made by the Mission's public health nurse:

"Called on Mrs. Ormond—most needy case I've seen in years—a young mother with three little girls, who was paralyzed from the waist down when her third child was born. They are desperately poor, but really happy. The husband takes charge of her and of the house when he comes home from work in the evening. Could the Mission send some warm clothes for the children?"

The Mission did, and the next entry: "Took Mrs. Ormond the package—she cried when I gave it to her. She could hardly believe the news about the wheelchair; thinks she can help around the house when it comes."

One of Alexander MacDonald's first concerns was for the island children at Christmas. This part of the work has grown like a gourd. For weeks before the holiday the Mission headquarters in Bar Harbor is crowded with volunteers, do-

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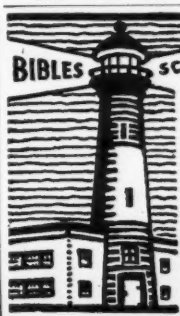
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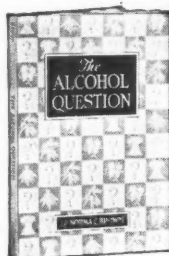
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ing up gifts for young and old. Last Christmas 2400 packages were sent around, each containing something useful, something useless, and sweets. In order to avoid duplications from year to year, all recipients are registered in a big ledger; each checked against the gifts of the year before!

As the high day nears, the *Sunbeam* fairly scoots around, taking out volunteers to head up Christmas parties. Here's a worker's log entry: "Folks and children came by six, soon the room was full. Their eyes were like stars, and all joined in the Lord's Prayer. Then gifts, candy, fruits and games."

Along with its other cargoes, the boat drives a lively trade in second-hand furniture, a recent venture aimed at adding comfort to the humbler island home. All sorts of things, from footstools to cottage organs are collected or sent in, and sold at prices within easy reach.

MISS BARTON'S BOARDERS

(Continued from page 28)

She looked at him in a queer, dazed way as he took the package and letters from her nerveless hand, placed the pen in her fingers and spread the receipts out on the hall table. "Now," he said crisply, "sign them, Elsa Lichtmann, in Zaida Rodinoff's name!"

A shudder shook the woman from head to foot, but she did as she was told, writing out "Zaida Muller Rodinoff" three separate times. And then she screamed, a dreadful, piercing wail, that brought Prilly running in, terrified, from the kitchen.

"It's all right, my dear," Gene said quickly, handing the white-faced girl the receipts. "Run out and give these to Jay. And then go on home. I'll see you there soon."

"Thanks, Wrightson. I didn't want her around, either," Saul Leavitt said. He was standing by Madame now, supporting her, really, on his arm, for the woman looked ready to collapse.

"Yes, Fraulein Elsa Lichtmann, alias Elsa Reiner," Gene said gravely, "the game is up. Definitely up. Mr. Leavitt will return the real Zaida Rodinoff's money and jewels to her bank, to be held until her will can be probated. And I, as an officer of the Department of Justice, hereby place you under arrest."

"Let me help her," I offered faintly, and both men stood aside as I led the poor, stricken creature into her room and made her lie down on the daybed. Wicked she might be—a spy, an impostor, a potential murderess, perhaps—but she was half-dead of shock and fear, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for her.

The troopers came a little later and led her away, still in her black satin dress, with an old coat of mine thrown over her shoulders to protect her from the rain. And then I ran out to the

The island people not only contribute as they can to the Mission, but take an active part in the good works it has started. Summer and year-round residents give of their time as well as their money. MacDonald's venture soon attracted the interest and support of churches of many faiths. The Red Cross offered to help; the state's health and welfare departments lent a hand, and long ago the Sigma Kappa Sorority became a sort of foster-mother. Now its nation-wide membership sponsors three of the Mission workers, and makes other contributions.

As I started to leave the little boat, the sky-pilot recalled what one old islander had said about the *Sunbeam*: "She just keeps comin' along, bringin' th' fixin's for bein' born, livin', dyin' an' buryin'." That seemed to me a perfect description of the work started by Alexander MacDonald, and so grandly kept going.

horse barn, laid my head on Bill's skinny old arm and burst into tears.

Bill let me have my cry out, and gave me a clean bandana handkerchief to mop up with afterwards. Then he poured a handful of grounds into the coffee pot—he never makes entirely fresh coffee—and when the dreadful brew had boiled a while I drank a big mugful of it and felt like myself again.

"Now," Bill said decisively, "I'm going after that young Wrightson—I just saw him making a beeline for Doc's house—and I'll bring him back here with me. It's time he put us straight on all this hush-hush business."

While he was gone I stepped into Bill's bedroom, neat as a pin like everything he owns except that horrible coffee-pot, and with cold water and a comb made myself fairly presentable. Not that I cared what the men thought, but I knew Prilly would tag along, and I didn't want her to see me looking like the wreck of the *Hesperus*. . . .

It was a long talk we four had there, sitting around Bill's kitchen table while the fire crackled cozily in the stove and the rain drummed on the tin roof over our heads. The gist of it boils down to this:

Elsa Reiner, considering herself too clever to be recaptured after she had jumped her bail, deliberately sought an employer whom she could impersonate in case things went wrong. Madame Rodinoff was ideal for her purpose—they were alike in build, in general appearance and in nationality. And the real Zaida Rodinoff, simple, kindly, and badly crippled by rheumatism, was soon completely dominated by the wily Elsa. It was Elsa who suggested the trip to Canada, and whether she had planned to murder her employer and then impersonate her, no one now will ever know. The railroad accident, burning her victim beyond identification, gave Elsa her chance,

CHRISTIAN HERALD AUG. 1945 • PAGE 42

and saved her from that further crime. All this Mr. Wrightson had suspected when Phil Longfellow first sent his report of Elsa Reiner's death to Washington. As she was an alien, that was part of his duty.

The F.B.I. man came to Essex at once, and during our interview in the doctor's study his suspicions were confirmed. Elsa Reiner had false teeth—the woman who died did not. Mr. Wrightson immediately recognized the signature on the scrap of paper for the forgeries they were, and by securing Elsa's fingerprints, photographed and sent to the F.B.I. files by the troopers that night, he established her identity.

"But the bank?" I put in. "Why did you let them go ahead and send her the jewelry and money?"

"You can't make time dovetail exactly," Mr. Wrightson smiled. "I didn't get word from Washington on the prints till four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and by that time the New York bank had closed. When I called them at nine the next morning, I was told that the mail-clerk had already gone to the post office with the packages. So Mr. Leavitt, their head investigator, took the noon plane to Plattsburg, and came down to Essex by train. The outcome would have been the same if he hadn't, but it simplified matters to have him on hand here."

"And what an outcome," I sighed. "What will happen to that poor, wicked woman?"

"She'll stand trial," Mr. Wrightson told me, "for sedition on that original indictment. And the sentence she gets will put her out of circulation for a nice, long time."

"Isn't it all too utterly ghastly?" Prilly beamed. "Miss Abby, you ought to write it all down . . . it'd make a regular mystery thriller! Please do . . . I know you can if you try!"

"Nonsense!" I said, but the idea intrigued me as the busy summer passed and fall came around with no little red schoolhouse to absorb my time. So I started the job one chilly October evening, found it fascinating, and here, at last, it is . . . complete.

"But you should have put in more love-interest," Prilly, home for the weekend, said to me the other day.

"You mean," I asked, "that big fat letter you get from Washington every week?"

"Certainly not," the irreverent minx laughed. "I'm just keeping my record straight with Gene—a beau in every port. No, I mean the way Mr. Walker keeps bobbing up here every so often. That little man means business!"

Fiddlesticks! That's just Prilly's foolishness. I'm pretty well satisfied with things as they are.

THE END



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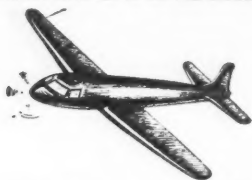
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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

About Felicia Morrow

● So many letters from readers who met the Morrows in these pages have reached us, asking about Felicia, that we think a report apropos. Felicia was caught in Belgium (Brussels) when the Germans came in; she suffered as all others in occupied areas suffered, became so ill she could not work, and for a time was thought lost. But with war's end comes news that she is alive, if not too well. Food and money have reached her, and she is on her way back to health again.

New Name Needed

Dear Editor:

The Prohibition Party's National Committee, at its recent meeting in Chicago, appointed a committee to "consider possible new names for the party which will be more in keeping with our broad progressive program of government." The final decision regarding any change of name will come at the party's next national convention. Many within the party feel that the present name concentrates attention too strongly on a single issue to the neglect of other vital problems on which the Prohibition Party has taken a positive stand...

Readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD are invited to send in any suggestions as to a possible new name for a dry, progressive party of Christian principles to the committee's secretary, the undersigned.

Myron L. Tripp

218 West Cecil Street, Springfield, Ohio

"Hope is like the Sun . . ."

● The loveliest line—or lines—we've read this month we found in a little book of prose-poem prayers, "Way-side Altars," by Patience Strong. Listen to this:

"Hope is like the sun upon the threshold of the heart. A glow lights up the inner room. The shadows fall apart—and rising to unlatch the door we cast all fear away—as we venture out into the brightness of the day. Hope is like a ray of sunlight falling on grey stone. The heart is warmed. We're tempted out to take the road alone—out towards the broad horizon where the sky is gold—with promise of the love of God and blessings manifold."

Beautiful, isn't it?

The Soldier Worries

Dear Mr. Courier:

Thank you for your splendid ideas and

sage's insight into world trends! I've enjoyed your "News of the Month" and look forward to comparing your ideas (they are very good) with my own poor ones . . . But Mr. Courier, does it seem proper morale-building material for suffering veterans to read: "Then there is the haunting fear of the future. Fear of the return of the day when jobs fizzle and there are ten men for every job and production dwindling to a peacetime basis?" You know what our job is over there, and that the world already has too many worries, and at the very moment when the boys overseas should not be worried more than they are, why add another lead pipe to the already overstocked collection?

134th Evacuation Hospital,
New York, N. Y. Pvt. Clay England

● Far be it from us, soldier, to add even one more little straw to the camel's back—but why not face it? There is bound to be unemployment, isn't there? One Government official says there will be *fifteen million* out of work by the end of the summer! Hadn't we better be planning against that, rather than burying our heads in the sand and saying, "Let's just don't think about it?"

So far as the wounded are concerned—heaven forgive us if we fail to take care of them, employment or no employment!

Bouquets and Brickbats

Dear Editor:

. . . Now for a brickbat, and I wield this, believe it or not, kindly. When I read a Christian magazine I frankly expect it to be a good deal less vague and nebulous about Fundamental Christian belief than you are. I'm not suggesting the Apostle's Creed at the beginning of every article and a statement of faith at the end, but as far as I can see there is very little said in the magazine that an honest Mohammedan admirer of Christ could not say . . . It never strikes a vital doctrine or declares itself definitely. It seems to revel in a spiritual agnosticism. Personally I don't believe an open mind necessitates an empty mind, and broadness quite often indicates shallowness. . . .

Montclair, N. J. Robert I. Wells

Dear Editor:

Your new contributor, Margaret Lee Runbeck, is splendid. I've enjoyed her articles so much, and found so much help in them, that I re-told her story of the little boy lost to the Indians and how his mother found him through prayer, and I think Miss Runbeck would have enjoyed seeing the interest. . . .

Columbus, Ind. May E. Beatty

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Dear Editor:

The last copy of your magazine is an intellectual feast. Other reading seems not worth while after reading that. . . .
McGregor, Texas Miss Una Kinnaman

Dear Editor:

Here is my check for \$2.00. I don't want to miss a copy . . . Eddie Cantor's article in the March issue is worth all the cost for the year. . . .
Elsinore, Calif. Mrs. M. T. Mowry

● Which only goes to show you that people are different. One reader doesn't see anything positive or fundamental about CHRISTIAN HERALD; he even sees us revelling in "a spiritual agnosticism!" In the same day's mail came a letter from another who found something rather fundamental in an article on prayer, using it to inspire faith in her Sunday-school youngsters. And another sees nothing shallow in a confession of faith from Eddie Cantor. . .

One thing we absolutely refuse to do: we will *not* take sides in any doctrinal squabbling between rival theologians or schools of theology. There is too much of that going on now, at the very moment when we should be united. We are appalled that two competing national organizations are further disrupting Protestantism in an argument over the "fundamentals" of the faith.

Into this dispute we will not be drawn. We are interested in the Christ behind the theologies, in the building of the spirit of the Master in the hearts of men, and not at all in the success or failure of any doctrine or theological system arrived at centuries after the scene on Calvary. We are trying to be Christian rather than theological.

The Secret

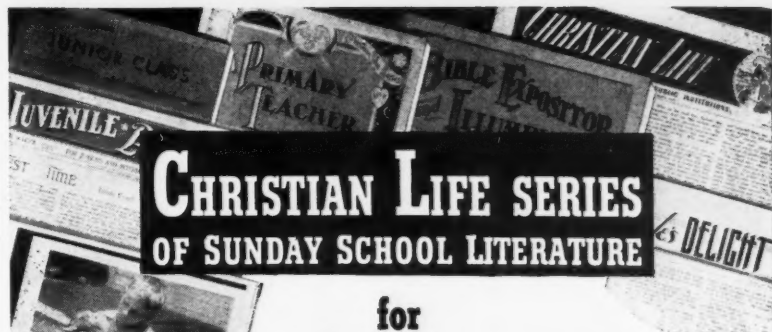
● This hasn't anything whatever to do with any letter from any subscriber; it is just one of those things we see and read and can't forget and like to pass along. We read the other day of a man who asked the late President Roosevelt: "Mr. President, how in the world did you acquire such patience—with all the bores you meet in a day?"

F.D.R. grimly replied, "You acquire patience after you've spent two years learning how to wiggle your big toe again."

* * *

Errata: Mrs. Frederick J. Goodall, Montpelier, Vermont, and several other loyal citizens of the Green Mountain State have pointed out to us that the correct name of the Vermont senator mentioned in "Write Your Congressman," June HERALD is Warren R. Austin, *not* Curtis. Sorry.

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Current Films

REVIEWED BY THE MOTION PICTURE
COUNCIL OF PROTESTANT WOMEN

Audience Suitability:

A—Adults; YP—Young people; F—Family.

SON OF LASSIE. *Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp, June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce.* (MGM) An original screenplay has been written for this picture, based on the characters in "Lassie Come Home"; it is a sequel to that earlier film. The boy and girl have grown up; they have fallen in love in spite of the fact that he is the son of the head dog trainer on the estate of a dog-loving duke and she is the granddaughter of the duke. The young man owns Laddie; they live on the estate which is taken over by the army as a training school for dogs. Laddie is not accepted for training because he does not qualify. When his master leaves to become an R.A.F. flier, the dog runs miles to join him. Together they go on a flight



A poignant moment in "Son of Lassie." Note the dog, Laddie, sad-eyed at the altar-rail.

over Norway; over enemy territory, the plane is shot down, they are separated and have many thrilling adventures before they are reunited. The dog is a beautiful brown-and-white collie; the scenes, photographed in Technicolor, are lovely. The musical background is especially suitable. The whole family will enjoy this film. **F**

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT. *Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine, Jean Sullivan, Alan Hale.* (Warner) Based on Robert Sherwood's play, "The Petrified Forest," this is an exciting picture with much fighting and shooting. Philip Dorn is a Hollander crossing America, by hitchhiking, to join the Air Forces; when he reaches the Arizona desert, he is mistaken for one of four Nazi prisoners escaped

from a prison-camp. He meets a girl, the escaped Nazis and undergoes some hair-raising experiences. A good thriller. **A YP**

COUNTER-ATTACK. *Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.* (Columbia) A suspenseful drama adapted from a Soviet play. The plot deals with Russian resistance in 1942 to the Nazis. A Soviet paratrooper is sent across a river into enemy territory to get information. He and a Russian girl in the village where he lands are trapped in a bombed cellar with several Nazi soldiers. The soldiers are finally broken down and give away the plans. Paul Muni is magnificent in the role of the simple man with a great ideal. **A YP**

THE SILVER FLEET. *Ralph Richardson, and personnel of the Royal Netherlands Navy.* An English film, this understated melodrama may seem a belated story now, but it is so well done and has such an excellent cast that it is well worth seeing. It is the story of Dutch sabotage under the Nazi. When the Germans invaded Holland the submarine yard employees in a port town were forced to work for them. Because the Dutch owner of the yard urged the men to work and not despair, they believed he was a collaborator. His plans were to sabotage the submarines, which he did. **F**

WONDER MAN. *Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen, Virginia Mayo, Donald Woods.* (RKO) The clever and capable Danny Kaye is the center of this fantasy. He plays a dual role. First he is seen as an entertainer before he is killed and his body dropped into a river. Then his spirit returns to earth and takes possession of his scholarly twin brother. There is fun, romance, grand opera, night clubs, dancing and some drinking while the spirit of the entertainer has control of the studious twin's body. This is good comedy. Our previewers did not approve many parts of this picture. **A YP**

BACK TO BATAAN. *John Wayne, Anthony Quinn, Beulah Bondi.* (RKO) Here is an important documentary film showing the courage and unflinching resistance of the Filipinos to Japanese occupation. Colonel Joe Madden, U.S.A., organizes the guerrillas to fight the Japanese. There are many touching portrayals of the people who risk their lives for the cause of liberty. Help finally comes from Americans submarines. Terrific warfare continues until the enemy is annihilated. **A YP**

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS. *Harry Carey, Paul Kelly.* (Monogram) The effect of war on Chinese children when they are a part of it, is well portrayed. A wounded boy learns about Commando tactics from a group of Flying Tigers, and when the flyers take him to a mission school run by an American doctor, the boy organizes the children into a guerrilla band. The doctor tries to dissuade the children from the expeditions on which they damage Japanese installations near the school, but he is unsuccessful. After Pearl Harbor, and when he is convinced of the cruelty of the enemy, the doctor

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joins the children in their fight. The Protestant missionary doctor is well cast. A

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MURDER, HE SAYS. *Fred MacMur-ray, Helen Walker, Marjorie Main.* (Paramount) A farce, a comedy and a mystery; one who likes cartoons may enjoy it. It is the story of a family similar to the one in "Tobacco Road." A YP

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IT'S IN THE BAG. *Fred Allen, Binnie Barnes, Robert Benchley, Jack Benny.* (United Artists) Good entertainment if you like nonsense by experts. Several radio and motion picture stars play themselves. The plot is built around the search for a chair, one of five, which had been sold at auction. In one of these chairs a fortune had been hidden by a murdered man. It is found and everybody has fun. F

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HONEYMOON AHEAD. *Allan Jones, Grace MacDonald.* (Universal) A company of roving actors are joined in their travels by a singer. He has just been released from the state prison by a pardon from the governor. While in the prison he had directed a choir called the Angels. The choir gets a contract to broadcast and they plot to bring back their leader. The actors discover his prison record; he is brought back to prison, but he again proves his innocence. The actual criminals are caught and the girl is won by the right man. This is a new kind of musical comedy. F

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PILLOW TO POST. *Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet.* (Warner) A farce launched from a routine plot. It is a fairly amusing story of a traveling saleslady. She comes to a boom town near an army camp as a saleswoman for her father's oil well supply company. She cannot find a room because they are rented only to army brides or to the military. A soldier is found to act as her husband long enough for her to secure a room. Then the complications begin. Relatives arrive, army wives gossip, the lieutenant is in trouble with his colonel. The couple plan to fake a "divorce," but find they have fallen in love. A

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Second Raters:
Bedside Manner, John Carroll, Ruth Hussey, Charles Ruggles F, *Swing Out Sister*, Rod Cameron, Arthur Treacher, Billie Burke A, YP, *Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion*, Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick A, YP, *Sing Your Way Home*, Jack Haley, Anne Jeffreys A, YP, *Return of the Durango Kid*, Charles Starrett, Tex Harding F, *Scared Stiff*, Jack Haley, Barton McLane. (Our previews thought this mystery farce was 100 percent poor.) YP.

Previously Recommended:
The Three Caballeros F, National Velvet F, Music For Millions F, Sunday Dinner for a Soldier F, Roughly Speaking F, YP, God is My Co-Pilot F, Colonel Blimp A, YP, Thunderhead F, Enchanted Cottage F, Picture of Dorian Gray A, YP, Brewster's Millions F, The Corn Is Green A, YP, Gentle Annie A, Rough, Tough and Ready F, It Happened in Springfield F, The Clock F, A Medal For Benny F.

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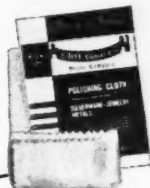
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GEORGE STIMPSON'S A BOOK ABOUT THE BIBLE fills me with regret—why didn't my mother have it and why didn't I have it for my children? But the regret disappears as the pages unfold with their answers. Just about every question that any person has ever asked, for which there is an answer within the Scriptures appears here. But it is not merely a question-and-answer book. Here are short essays, ranging in length from a sentence or two to several pages and covering every Bible subject and theme.

The volume embraces some characteristics of both commentary and dictionary and it is encyclopedic. One discovers that many things attributed to the Bible are not in the Bible at all! Referring to material concerning the life and teaching of Jesus, the author reminds us that more than two thousand biographies have been written in this field. He calls attention to the fact that the King James version, with its unsurpassed beauty and simplicity of style, contains comparatively few obsolete words. One becomes absorbed in reading about the robe worn by Jesus and then runs immediately into such questions as "Does the Bible mention the assumption of Mary?" "Who composed the Apostle's Creed?" and "How did the Church originate?"

You discover that the Bible mentions ten plagues instead of seven and you also discover that learned commentators who advanced arguments to prove that the Israelites violated the first of the Ten Commandments when they made the golden calf were incorrect! There is a particularly timely description of Israel's national flag, its origin and present use. The index is complete and constantly helpful. For reading the volume is sheer enjoyment, and as a source library it is without a rival in its field.

I have not read any contemporary volume that is so completely convincing as Emil Ludwig's *THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY*. It will be hard for those who support a soft peace to escape the author's conclusions, and I have not found an answer to his major premise that the economic conquest of post-war Germany is second to its moral conquest. Ludwig also believes that this moral conquest is "definitely possible"; he believes that the moral re-birth of the German nation requires a "temporary extinction of German

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Miller and his associates were accused of filling the asylums with their preaching, and of causing suicides and murders. The stories about this movement have enriched the folklore of America, the choicest story being that Miller's followers dressed in ghostly ascension robes on the great day they expected Christ's advent, and climbed to mountain tops, and house-tops, or perched watchfully on tombstones.

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political independence." To accept this, we must grant with him that basically Germans are different.

Part I opens with Goethe's affirmation that the German patriot arrogates to himself the achievements of every other nation, "insisting that they are all descended from himself," or "that they are his collateral relationships." Throughout the book the author quotes from Germans to support his thesis. At one point he writes, "There's hardly any difference between the German character of eighty years ago and the type which will be found by the Armies of Occupation. Perhaps the Germans have grown a few degrees ruder and a little more cynical." Of Goethe and Beethoven, he writes, "Two majesties recognized each other and forgot Germany," and of Bismarck, "There is no better example of both the gifts and the limitations of German statesmanship than Bismarck" but "this man of violence rose to be a genuine statesman."

He indicts Richard Wagner as "The most dangerous German who ever lived." His treatment of Hitler is complete, sometimes cynical and always devastating. Here is one of his most important paragraphs: "The world is still aghast and at a loss to understand that the nation which has given birth to so much great music and writing and has so distinguished itself in science, in practically every generation, falls back into barbarism . . . The simple fact is not realized that for centuries power and culture have been separated in Germany, allotted to two different classes."

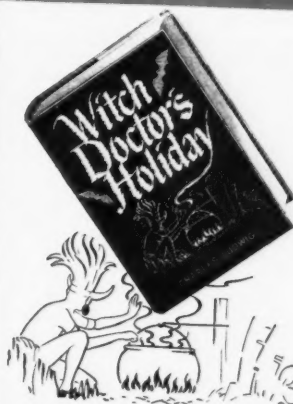
He deals intelligently with the Jew in German history and proves, I think, that outstanding men have generally favored the Jew, though Bismarck as a young representative in the German Diet once objected to Jews holding office. He believes that Walter Rathenau (who was the only Jew ever to head a German government) was also the only statesman of stature produced by the Weimar Republic.

In Part II the author presents his program for the treatment of the defeated enemy and develops his idea of moral conquest. Dr. Ludwig affirms that the Germans have no concept of democracy as we know it, and must be treated accordingly. Here he offers concrete suggestions. He refers with appreciation to Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," which teaches the value of three religions, and concludes, "Those who are five years old today may live to see, as young men and women, their nation's free return to the world—with all the historical virtues and capabilities of the German people. But this time unarmed." And now Ludwig is confirmed by Martin Niemöller who asks an iron rule for the Reich, affirming that at the present time Germany is unfit for democracy. It is definitely a "must" book.

I like LAKE ONTARIO by Arthur Pound immensely. It is the biography of the lake which, though smallest of the five Great Lakes and the most aloof from its sisters, has carried upon its waters the civilizations and culture of all races and faiths that have come to the shores or traveled the trails of the St. Lawrence and North Atlantic country. The present vol-

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ume will occupy a worthy place and perhaps first place in the American Lake Series. The author is a former state historian of New York and his work proves that his selection was particularly fortunate. In the first section, "Vortex of Empire," Ontario is treated as the red man's country with the Iroquois ruling its shores. New conquerors come and empires are won and lost. Part II is devoted to "War and Reconstruction." The story is told from 1761 through the first period of the Erie Canal. We have pictures of the Loyalists in upper Canada, from the War of 1812, and there is a fine description of Sullivan's drive on Niagara. Part III is the "Shore Country." The final word has to do with "Hands Across the Lake." There are forty-two illustrations and a complete index.

C. S. Forester, author of **COMMODORE HORNBLOWER**, writes like a historian, but a historian who has been given the pen of a novelist who drinks deeply from the well of romance. In this latest Hornblower story—the captain is now a commodore—our intrepid hero is again on the trail of Napoleon. Indeed we leave these pages with the impression that very soon the hero will move in for the kill. A grand story this is! It begins in the boudoir of Barbara, the lovely young wife from whom he is to be so quickly separated by his war mission; it moves at once into the Baltic and develops a series of brilliant incidents in which Hornblower holds both Russia and Sweden to their friendship with Britain—a friendship always vital but never too strong.

Promoted from his captaincy as the Admiralty calls him for the new mission, Hornblower spends little time in lamenting his separation from home, but eventually returns to his wife and to the small son, Richard, softened somewhat by his battle wounds and by his nearly fatal bout with typhus. Particulars of Napoleon's ill-fated campaign, the siege of Baltic cities, brilliant battle incidents and feats of diplomacy are all mingled to make strong reading. This author specializes in sea tales and again he is, at his best, which is better than the best of his contemporaries. His language fits his mood and his brutal age, but he paints a true picture of the British Navy that came to rule the seas six generations ago. Hornblower's associates of other voyages and far campaigns are still with him, and when you leave him with Barbara's hand on his arm you know that fresh stories and new voyages are just ahead of him.

A BOOK ABOUT THE BIBLE, by George Stimpson. (Harper, 509 pp., \$3.50)

THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY, by Emil Ludwig. (Doubleday, Doran, 183 pp., \$2.00)

LAKE ONTARIO, by Arthur Pound. (Bobbs-Merrill, 384 pp., \$3.50)

COMMODORE HORNBLOWER by C. S. Forester. (Little, Brown, 384 pp., \$2.50)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE 1945 BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ANNUAL. (The Grolier Society, 414 pp.,

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THESE ARE THE RUSSIANS, by Richard E. Lauterbach. (Harper, 368 pp., \$3.00) By all odds the best book on Russia in the last decade. Sympathetic but not sentimental, objective, fairer and more intelligent than White's "Report on the Russians," this is one you will have to read if you want to talk or even think about Russia. F.S.M.

MISSION BEYOND DARKNESS, by Joseph Bryan and Philip Reed. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 133 pp., \$2.00) Plain unadulterated dynamite, sickening in its brutal realism, heartening in its picture of the men who flew in Air Group 16 from the carrier *Lexington*, against the Japanese. We stayed awake one night to read it, spent the next dreaming about it. Enough to make an icicle emotional. F.S.M.

FAMOUS HISTORICAL PLACES, by Herbert H. Waller. (Hobson Press, 231 pp., \$2.50) Comprehensive and informative and well-illustrated collection of data on historic spots (112 of them) in U.S. A life-work and a work of love, it is a source book invaluable to the patriot or would-be patriot. F.S.M.

CONSTANCIA HERSELF, by Margaret Widdemer. (Farrar & Rinehart, 310 pp., \$2.00) A distinguished author has written a significant story of love and of moral courage. D.A.P.

REFLECTED GLORY

(Continued from page 23)

demand. There was the time Corky didn't have his history lesson done. Impatiently, Mr. Gunny asked, "Carl, why didn't you study your history? Why?" Corky's answer was serious, adult: "I would of, if anybody could of ever showed me that it done anybody any good."

Mr. Gunther caught the challenge. "You stick around, Carl. Maybe you and I can dig up a reason."

Or the time Corky didn't touch his spelling. Intrigued now instead of angry, Mr. Gunny rose at his desk. "Carl, you've no interest in spelling—or any subject. What do you like to do? What can you do?"

"I can knock home runs."

Mr. Gunny frankly doubted it. "You've never played with the boys on the team."

"They ain't ask me yet."

"Jim, William, take your baseball mitts, go out on the diamond and throw some for him. The room is excused to go to the windows."

The playground was to the north and everybody could see. Jim wound up and

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heaved a couple. Corky didn't move. The third was to his liking. He swung, and Mr. Gunny came undazed in time to shout, "Duck!"

The ball crashed through one of the panes into the upper room. The school-yard was a hundred and ten yards long.

Corky was solemn as he helped clean up the mess. He had no air of victory, even when Mr. Gunny restored order and said, "Carl, I owe you an apology."

"That's all right."

Mr. Gunny began to understand the nickname. Corky bobbed up in unexpected places.

A November incident added to Mr. Gunny's enlightenment. Corky's contribution to history class was a solemn, "The Darkest Period was when somebody invented spellin'." Mr. Gunny said he'd help him after school. The afternoon was warm. Mr. Gunny stared out the north windows. He turned to Corky, staring, too.

"Carl, what would you be doing if you weren't making up this spelling?"

Corky's eyes brightened like sunlit water. "I'd be huntin' pheasants. Ol' Bob'd sure roust 'em out of them weeds up the canal."

"Do you have a gun?"

"Sure. A twelve-gauger."

Mr. Gunny considered. "If I'd excuse you to go hunting, would you promise to have this rule tomorrow morning?"

"Sure." Corky added quickly, "The old man's got a double. If you'd go along, I'd get it for you."

(To be concluded)

GETTING OUR BEARINGS

(Continued from page 25)

experience I had as a young man when I tossed on a sick bed waiting for the dawn, which would make possible the securing of the help I needed. As I lay that night listening to the first sounds of the morning, and watching the heralds of the rising sun in the East, I got a glimpse of what the prophet meant when he said the "Sun of Righteousness shall rise with healing in his wings."

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me calling unto Him. Then He looked at me, and the noontide of His eyes was upon me, and He said, 'You have many lovers, and yet I alone love you. Other men love themselves in your nearness. I love you in yourself. Other men see a beauty in you that shall not fade away.'

* * * I alone love the unseen in you.
* * * Then He stood up and looked at me even as the seasons might look down upon the field, and He smiled.

* * * On that day the sunset of His eyes slew the dragon in me, and I became a woman."

Such is the way Christ the Sun of Righteousness carries healing in His wings to those who look to Him for guidance and salvation. What He did for Mary Magdalene in healing her impurity into purity, what He did for Zaccheus the publican in restoring his dishonesty to integrity—that He can do for you and me. Yes, and that He can do for our bewildered, broken, bleeding world.

Upon the hungry farmers of long-suffering China, upon the muddled and bloodied foxholes of the far Pacific, upon the shattered bodies of heroic veterans in the world's hospitals, upon the pale mourners whose very hearts' blood has been drained by the death of loved ones—upon all these shall Christ the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His Wings, provided we will get our bearings from Him, and give our service to Him.

LEAVE THEM ALONE

(Continued from page 14)

the way. "Gangway, sweetheart," one of them shouted at a pretty girl; when the others saw her they let go with a series of whistles and comments that proved their hearts and eyes and sense of humor were in pretty good shape, whatever had happened to their legs.

I do not want to seem to belittle the life that a blind or legless boy faces. I would not underestimate the tragedy of it. But what I'm trying to say is that after having visited regularly more than a dozen rehabilitation hospitals and centers, I've come to the conclusion that the worst thing we can do for these boys, sick or healthy, is to coddle them. They don't want tears and awe. They want to be treated as President Roosevelt used to say he wanted to be treated. Mrs. Roosevelt told me recently: "The President never wanted us to treat him in any other way than we would treat an ordinary man. He never referred to his handicap, and of course the family never referred to it. That's the way he wanted it, and that was the way it was."

Stanley High was pretty close to President Roosevelt, and once Stanley told me this: "The only acknowledgment on his part that the paralyzed legs meant anything to him personally was in a warn-

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ing I heard him issue to newspapermen in a press conference. It wasn't for publication, but there was no doubt of him meaning what he said. He said to the reporters: "Now I don't want any sob-sister stuff about my affliction. Of course it was a great shock to me to be stricken with this just when I felt in the pink of condition, and it was a little humiliating to contract a disease of which seventy-five percent of the victims are children. But I am thankful so many children are spared."

My guess is that this is exactly the way our boys feel about it. Just what do they want from us? Maybe I can illustrate what I think they want. . . .

One of my student pastors had an experience one morning in the Cleveland Terminal. He had just stepped off a train, and was on his way to the waiting room when he saw a blind soldier. He walked up to the boy and said, "Can't I carry your bag, soldier?"

"No, thanks. I can do that. But if you will, you can steer me up those stairs to the waiting room."

"Sure."

He guided the boy up the long flight of steps, and when they reached the top he spoke to the veteran again:

"Now, where do you go from here?"

"I've got to find the information desk. If you'll just tell me where it is, I think I can get there by myself." The boy didn't want to "sponge" on the preacher's time!

"I'll walk over with you," said my friend. "I've got lots of time."

Then he did a perfectly natural thing. He took hold of the boy's arm with a tight grip and, possessively, started to guide him through the dense crowd. The soldier winced, stopped, and spoke plainly:

"Look. Leggo, will you? Don't push me, and don't pull me around. Just put your hand on my shoulder. All I need is just to feel your hand on my shoulder. I'll do the rest for myself."

That's all they want. Just our hand on their shoulders. . . .

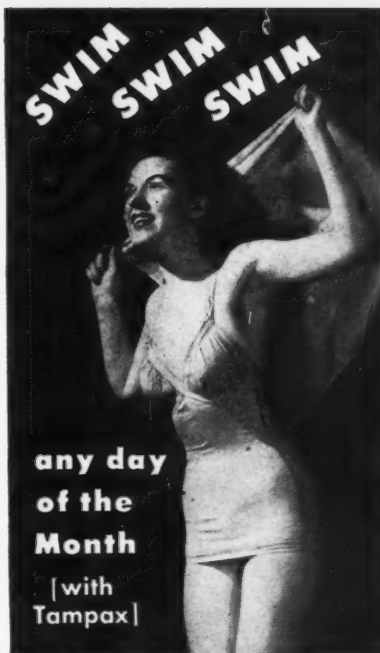
THE HAVING AND THE DOING

(Continued from page 31)

Making must come from within, while having is an external circumstance which may or may not be worth its weight in satisfaction. The happiest people of the earth are those who learn that difference early. There's nobody so right, so safe from the whims of discontent, as a man mated to his work. A man and his work are like a lock and a key. Useless without each other.

The "born" mechanic, the natural housewife, the "green-thumb" gardener . . . these are the real kings of the earth, the people who love what they are doing. And so are doing it well. (Cont'd pg. 54)

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of the
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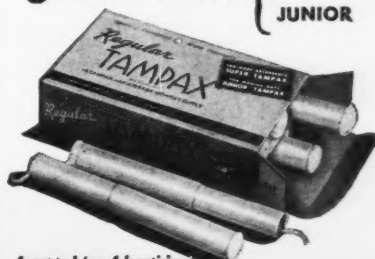
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If work is not its own reward, there comes no other pay worth having. Thousands of years ago the Preacher said it like this: *There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.* (Ecclesiastes 2:24)

Only the gifts that are from the hand of God ever can satisfy us, and work is one of these gifts.

In the past few years we've learned a great deal about what is called "our standard of living." Led on from enticing advertisement to mocking materialism, we have found that a high standard of having was not enough. Only the things the heart can hold can feed us and keep us alive.

We've a new world to build now. We've a long way ahead to travel, and we'll all need each other for the building. We'll need to appreciate each other and encourage each other as we never have before, for there is work to be done by all of us.

From here on, the persons who count will be the ones with a "high standard of doing."

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 32)

didn't get together to talk only about gardening and babies. We were to discuss some plan—some NEW plan for raising money for the church for the coming year, and we wanted to get our ideas well in line before fall caught us with nary a plan in our heads.

While they talked, jumping from suppers to bazaars, I got out a letter from Mrs. Irving C. Brown of Worcester, Mass. She sends along an idea that I thought we might use. Mrs. Brown knows what she's talking about when she recommends an idea, but here's her letter, it will speak for itself:

"I was a Methodist minister's wife for nearly 40 years. As we moved from church to church, varied experiences were mine. Raising money was the one feature that often puzzled us. (We know what you mean, Mrs. Brown!) One day as I was seeking something new, the thought came to me of putting all my ideas into one. This pleased me, so I gave it full rein. The plan proved the biggest money-getter of all previous ones. Here it is:

"It is called 'The Carnival of Seasons.' First, the most talented worker of the women is elected to be the 'Year'. (She's the chairman, right, Mrs. Brown?) A big chart is placed in a conspicuous place in the church building. This chart carries the names of the people participating as fast as procured—for added interest. The Year finds four ladies, most capable to represent the different Seasons. In

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turn each Season finds the Months in her quarter, likewise the Months find Weeks and the Weeks, Days. (Children often are called in to be the Days, since many church memberships do not have enough adults.)

"Each one in this year plans to earn an agreed-upon amount in some unusual way. (Children use smaller amounts.) As the sum is earned, it is turned in to the lady of immediate higher rank and her name is crossed with a colored pencil. That indicates 'payment' and encourages others to get their amounts in.

"The Seasons decide whatever types of activities are appropriate: winter months, heavy suppers; spring, sugar parties, that is, candy pulls; summer, ice-cream parties; fall, chicken pie and harvest suppers. In smaller churches, everyone works on the suppers as usual, the Season planning takes charge and holds the cash earned, as the sponsor of that individual affair.

"Then the final wind-up—a Carnival! Four booths, one for each season, are decorated with items for sale appropriate to the season. For refreshment everyone takes a tray, patronizes the booths and picks up what he desires to eat."

Well, there it is—an excellent plan. I'll bet there'll be more than one church that will be indebted to Mrs. Brown for sharing her success story.

I don't have to remind you this month to get in your ideas for our Exchange, because I know you have been inspired by what you have read here to date and you'll be wanting to send your suggestions in so as to make this a give-and-take department. So, take your pen in hand and write away. Remember too, we want to hear from anyone having a special problem. Let's have it! We'll try our best to run it and see what help our experienced church workers can give to meet the situation.

And just before I sign off for the month, let me tell you I've been using up my last year's canned things, so that I'll have enough jars for this year. Now if you have canned any pumpkin, here's a recipe for Brazilian Pumpkin Soup. Try it and shake hands with our South American friends and smack your lips over a really delicious new dish.

BRAZILIAN PUMPKIN SOUP

1 quart seasoned beef 1/4 cup uncooked ring
or chicken broth noodles
1 cup cooked pumpkin 1 tablesp. chopped
parsley

Heat the broth to the boiling point. Add the cooked pumpkin and the uncooked noodles. Stir until the pumpkin is well mixed with the broth. Pour the soup into a two-quart, heat-resistant glass casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 25 minutes or until the noodles are tender. Add chopped parsley and serve at once.

And so, good-bye until September!

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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Definition

"What's an operetta?"
"Don't be foolish; it's a girl who works for the telephone company."

—Lookout.

Ironical

"Cheer up!" said the shipwrecked sailor on a raft. "We can't be far from civilization. There are a couple of bombers approaching."

—Kablegram.

C'est La Guerre

"How much are potatoes worth now?"
"They're worth no more than they ever were, but they're costing about six times as much."

—Selected.

The Good Old Days

Who can recall the grand old carefree days when gasoline was so unrationed that women could use whole panfuls of it to clean their gloves, and have enough left over to blow up their kitchens?

—Kablegram.

Moth Food

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations, is often surprised by their mental agility. Recently he asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."

—Pathfinder.

Truth

A boy was a witness in court, and the lawyer in cross-examination said: "Did anyone tell you what to say in court?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Who was it?"

"My father, sir."

"And what did he tell you?"

"He said the lawyers would try to get me all tangled up, but if I stuck to the truth I would be all right."

—Exchange.

Your Move

A G.I. dropped into the U.S.O. club one night and noticed a dog and a soldier seated beside a checkerboard.

"What's cookin'?" he asked.

"I'm playin' checkers with the dog," replied the soldier.

"Can he really play checkers?" the amazed G.I. asked.

"Of course. Watch."

The soldier watched the dog ponder for some time, then move a paw.

"I can hardly believe my eyes," he exclaimed. "That's the smartest dog I ever saw."

"What's so smart about him?" retorted the soldier. "I've beaten him three games out of five."

—Indianapolis Fielder.

Could Be Verse

A friend of Robert Browning, returning from a visit to the United States, related an experience which the poet found delightfully amusing.

"I was stopping at one of the best hotels in Boston," the returning traveler told Browning. "One night, I retired early, but found myself unable to sleep, owing to mysterious doleful noises coming from a room near by."

"I called a boy and demanded to know the cause of the disturbance."

"Oh sir," replied the lad, "that is the Browning Club reading Browning. That is all, sir."

—Christian Science Monitor.

Buy Gum!

Aunt Minnie, was taking her first trip on a train. When the conductor came through the car and called for tickets, Auntie readily gave up hers. A few minutes later the train boy, coming through, called "Chewing gum."

"Never," cried Aunt Minnie, bravely. "You can take my ticket, but not my gum."

—Watchdog.

Rainy Day

Mister—What? You don't mean to say you are going shopping in all this rain?

Missus—Of course I am. I've saved up \$5 for a rainy day, and this is the first opportunity I've had to spend it.

—Lookout.

Art vs. Science

Whistler, the artist, had a French poodle of which he was extravagantly fond. The poodle was seized with an infection of the throat one day, and Whistler had the audacity to send for the great throat specialist, Mackenzie.

When Mackenzie saw that he had been called to treat a dog, he felt incensed, but said nothing. He prescribed, pocketed a big fee, and drove away.

The next day he sent posthaste for Whistler. And Whistler, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed to the home of Mackenzie.

On his arrival, the great specialist said gravely, "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

—Menthology.

Simple

"It's surprising," said the professor to his wife at breakfast, "to think how ignorant we all are. Nearly every man is a specialist in his own particular line, and in consequence we are all as narrow-minded as it is possible to be."

"Yes, dear," said his wife.

"I, for instance," he continued, "am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take electric light, for example. I haven't the least idea how it works."

His wife gave him a patronizing look, and smiled.

"Why, Herbert, I'm ashamed of you, too. It's simple! You just press a switch, that's all!"

—Tit Bits.